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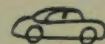
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Union-Castle have a lot of time for young people, and a lot of room on deck, to let them work off one big meal and work up an appetite for the next. It's a family affair between England and Africa . . . long leaves start on board, and end on board . . . five or six relaxed weeks all told, perhaps, of all-in, all-found, good living, for the price of the travel tickets alone.

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Castle Travel for the *Rest of your Lives* . . . it might make a good slogan!). Sunshine, smooth seas, decks so clean you can eat your meals off them—some meals are taken on deck anyway—an under-worked doctor on board, swimming pool, games, gymnasium, dancing, films, H & C in all cabins, a laundry, birthday parties, constant ice-cream, and stewards and stewardesses in all directions. And, of course, mountains of luggage without fuss or extra charge. Union-Castle—that's the way to travel!



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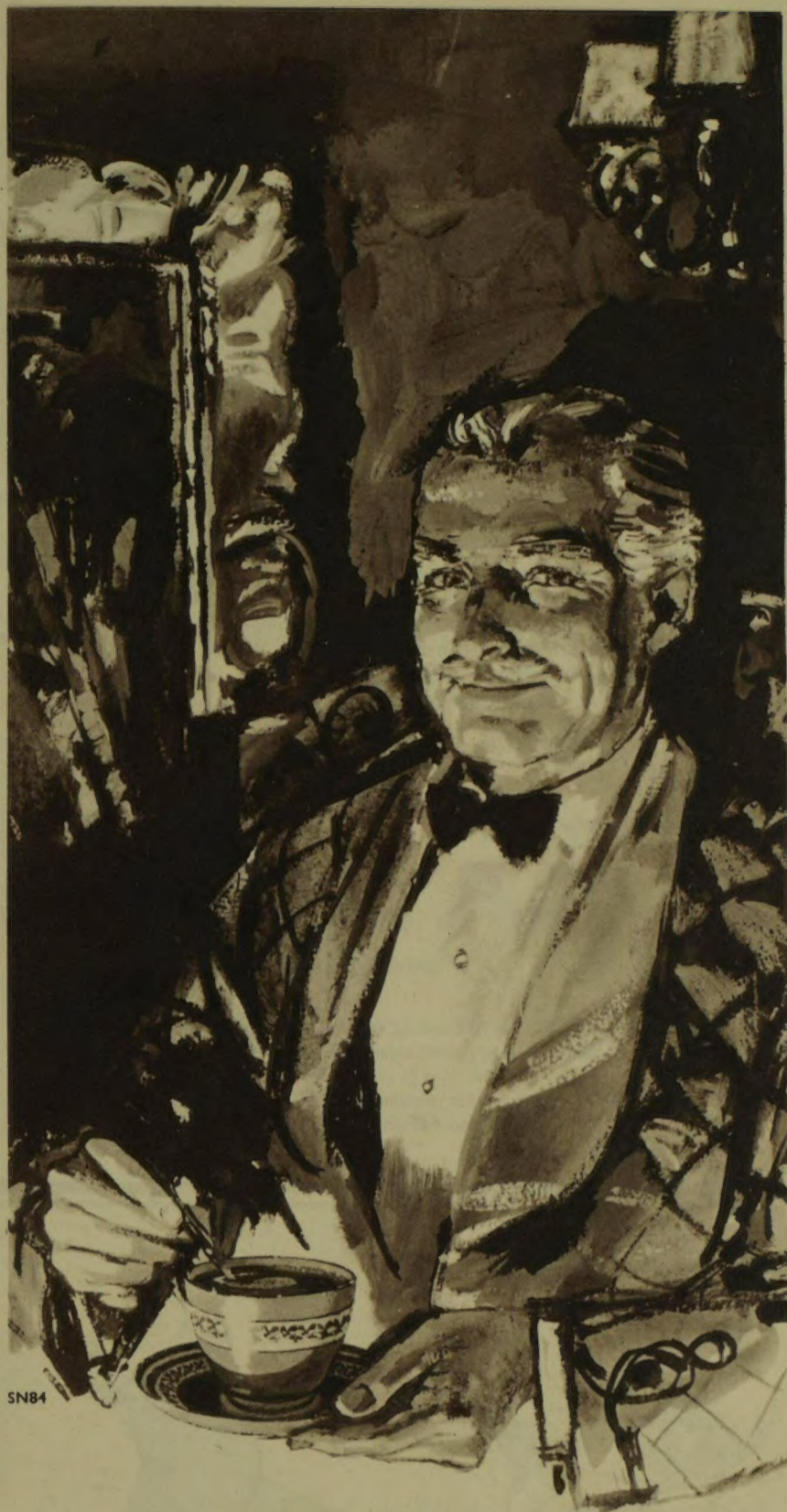


*A special occasion  
demands  
the special cigarette*

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TWENTY FOR 4/4 - AIRTIGHT TINS OF FIFTY 10/10

[3P141F]



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appreciate **blend 37**

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Remembering the most popular 'DOUBLE CENTURY'  
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# SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS

Any time  
is travel time in

## GERMANY

Information and Brochures from your travel agent or the German Tourist  
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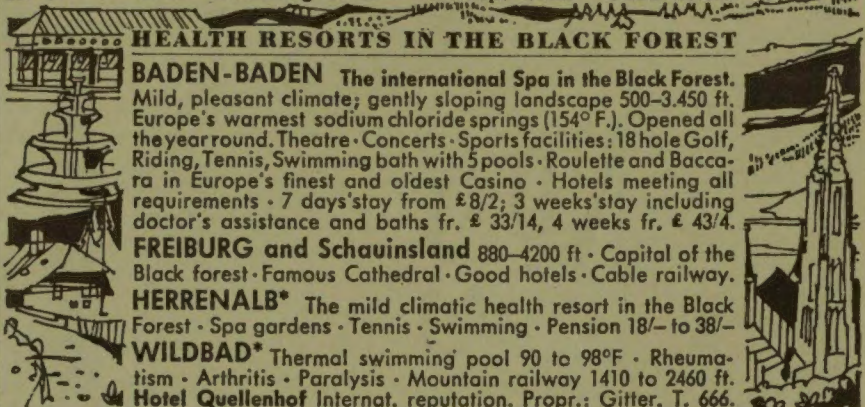
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Information: Fremdenverkehrsverband München-Oberbay., München 15

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**FREIBURG and Schauinsland** 880-4200 ft. Capital of the Black forest. Famous Cathedral. Good hotels. Cable railway.

**HERRENALB\*** The mild climatic health resort in the Black Forest. Spa gardens. Tennis. Swimming. Pension 18/- to 38/-

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Give  
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second  
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With the following specifications, it is small wonder that the 'Regal' is proving the best seller among 3 wheelers, for Reliant Motoring is Real Economy Motoring.

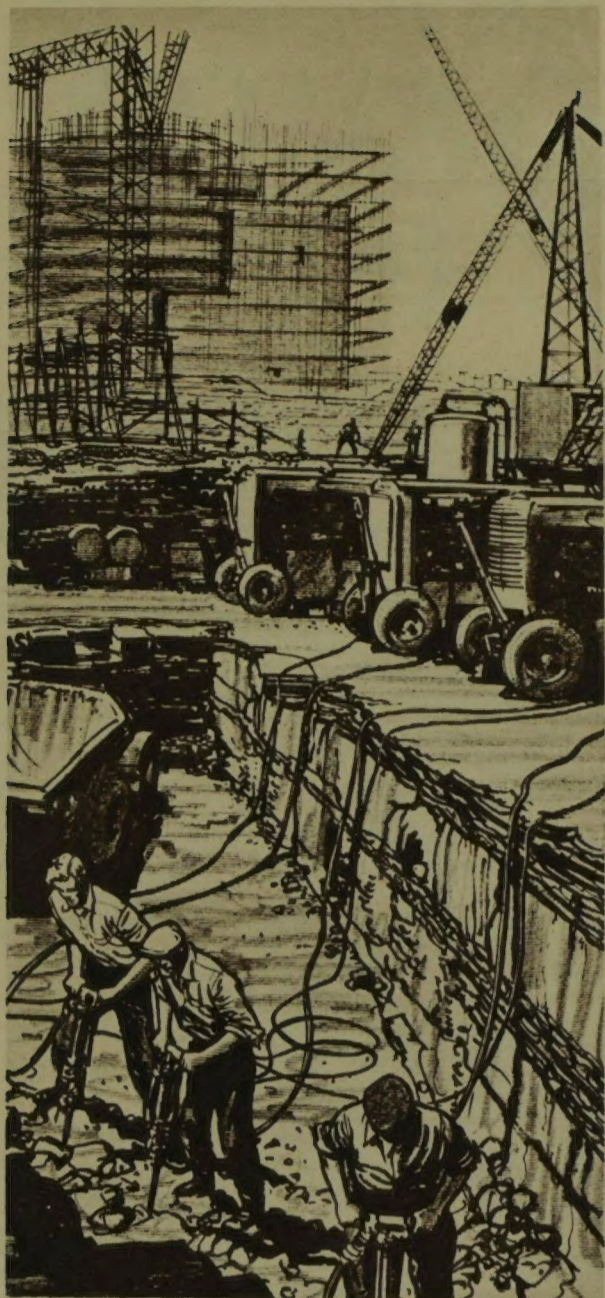
- 4-cylinder water-cooled engine.
- Car type rear axle.
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## Taylor Woodrow chose Holman

### Reliability pays at Hinkley Point

The world's largest atomic power station, with a capacity of half a million kilowatts, is taking shape at Hinkley Point, Somerset. The contract, for the Central Electricity Generating Board, is being carried out by the English Electric, Babcock & Wilcox and Taylor Woodrow Atomic Power Construction Co. Limited.

Compressed air equipment plays a very important part in its construction; Taylor Woodrow chose Holman for

the job. Batteries of compressors, rock breakers and chipping hammers with the well-known Holman reliability built into the design are taking shift after shift of rigorous work without faltering, beating construction schedules and slashing operating costs.

In major projects all over the world Holman units are proving their reputation over and over again. For sheer reliability and low running cost, you can't beat Holman.



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for 'Dumbledore'

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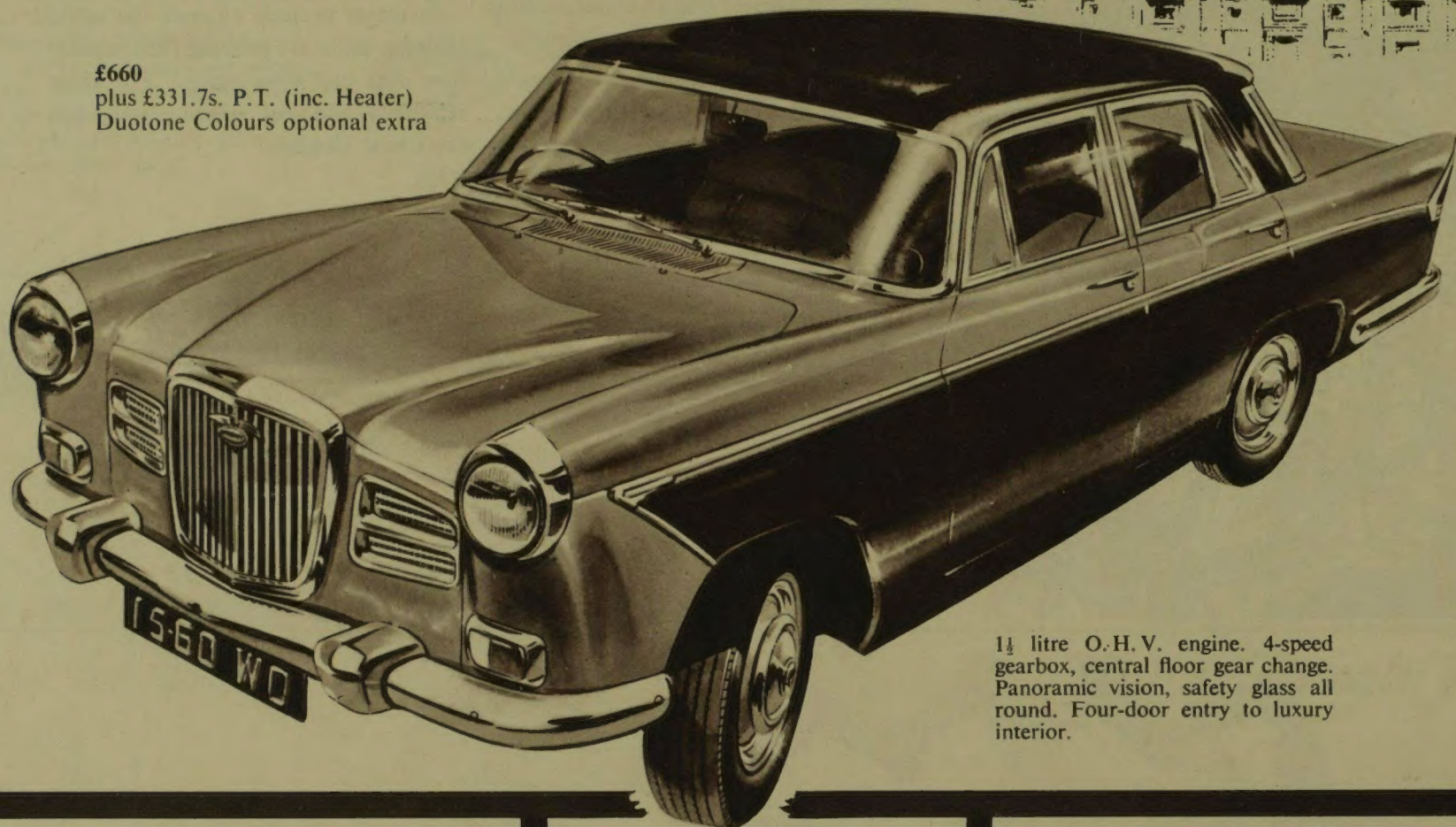
Chief Offices: St. Helen's Square, YORK and Becket House, 36-37 Old Jewry, LONDON, E.C.2. Branches and Agencies throughout the world

## Fashioned for the fastidious

Here is a car with a difference. It's the new 15/60 styled by Farina and engineered by Wolseley. This combination brings together superb Italian line and the luxury of Wolseley interior finish—fine English leather—polished wood facia—deep pile carpets. Performance too, has all the characteristics that appeal to the more discriminating motorist, it is also most economical to run. See the 15/60 at your Wolseley Dealer's Showrooms and arrange a demonstration.



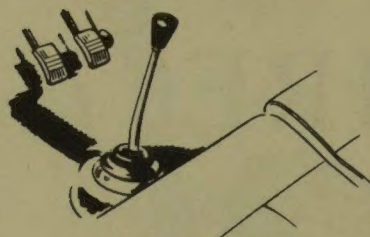
£660  
plus £331.7s. P.T. (inc. Heater)  
Duotone Colours optional extra



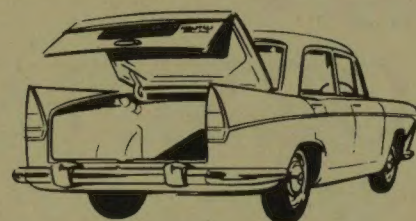
1½ litre O.H.V. engine. 4-speed gearbox, central floor gear change. Panoramic vision, safety glass all round. Four-door entry to luxury interior.



*Extra door width at knee level*



*Central floor gear change*



*19 cu. ft. boot with counter-balanced lid*

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# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1959.



BALLET WITH NO AUDIENCE FOR A VERY LARGE AUDIENCE! FILM CAMERAS AND TECHNICIANS MOVE IN AFTER AN EVENING PERFORMANCE AT COVENT GARDEN, AND BEGIN TO SHOOT THE FILM "THE ROYAL BALLET," WITH DAME MARGOT FONTEYN.

A ballet film, expected to last 100 minutes, is being shot in colour at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden. The film, called "The Royal Ballet," will show "Ondine," "The Firebird" and Act II of "Swan Lake," and will have Dame Margot Fonteyn as one of the principal ballerinas. The film is being directed by Dr. Paul Czinner, who also directed the film "The Bolshoi Ballet." In order to make it, about 100 film technicians removed 200 seats in the stalls of the Royal Opera House after the evening performance

of "Turandot" on Saturday, January 24. They then laid down a railway track for one of the eleven cameras, and continued to work well into the night. Shooting is due to continue on January 29, at 2 a.m., in a seven-hour night shift. If the film is finished, as scheduled, on February 1, the Rank Organisation will have succeeded in making in twenty-four hours' shooting time a film that would normally take three months to complete. A gala première is planned for the early summer of this year.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

A FEW days ago I had occasion to travel from one side of London to the other, making use of the services of the great public monopoly on which the vast majority of Londoners, who do not own a car or cannot afford a taxi, are forced to rely. In other words, they are forced to rely on it because there is no alternative—one of those paradoxes of freedom or the loss of it which the advances of mathematical democracy has brought about in this once thinking country. It was in the quieter part of the morning, some time after the rush-hour had ended, and, not having enough luggage to justify the price of a cab and being in the middle of finishing an article which the jolting of such a vehicle would probably render impossible, I decided to travel by tube to Knightsbridge, changing at Holborn from the Central London to the Piccadilly Line and thence taking what in the bad old days would have been called a penny bus—now a threepenny bus—to a stone's throw of my destination. As an alternative, but for the thought of traffic delays in the Strand and Piccadilly, I might have taken a No. 9 bus from door to door. The facilities, in short, for easy travel by public transport were there, created by the industry, enterprise and thrift of our grandparents; all our own generation has now to do is to maintain and operate them. Served by these, I reckoned the journey, which on the previous day I had made in less than a quarter of an hour by taxi, should not take me more than twice that time, the greater part of which, comfortably seated in the tube, I would devote to the completion of my article.

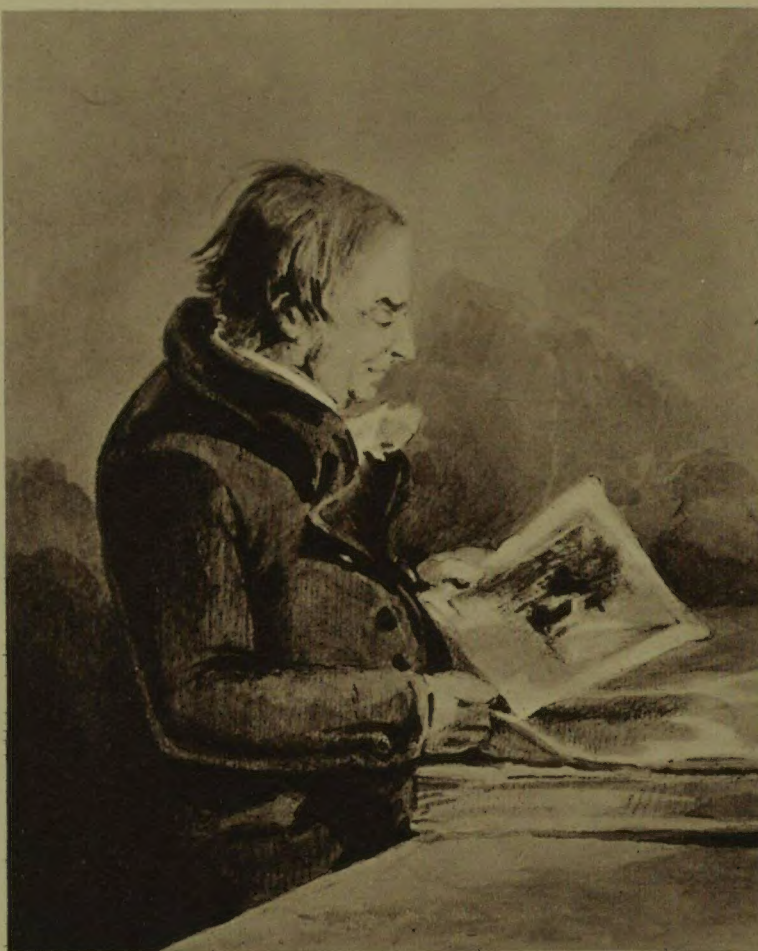
I had not reckoned with the London Transport Board and was relying too much on my memories of metropolitan travel in days when grasping and rival capitalists were allowed to compete for the pennies of a down-trodden, exploited populace. The British Railways' express by which I had just arrived at Liverpool Street had lulled me into a sense of false security; leaving Cambridge only two minutes late, it had arrived at its destination almost on time. I shouldered my bags cheerfully and descended into the hot bowels of the earth by the ingenious devices with which the engineers of the latter nineteenth and early twentieth century provided us and which always remind me of the opening pages of "Alice in Wonderland." After recovering from my usual bewilderment on arrival in that strange subterranean world of tubular corridors, I made my way to the waiting westbound train. It was already full and there were no seats, but I supposed that for that reason it would soon be off and that I should arrive at my destination all the quicker. I was wrong. For nearly ten minutes that train remained there, while more and more passengers, arriving on the platform, were pushed into it, driving those already within further and further into the interior of the coaches until, with arms and legs pinioned by the crush, one began to wonder how much longer the exhausted and vitiated air would continue to sustain one's gasping lungs and those of one's fellow travellers. However, all bad things come to an end at last, and just when the carriage seemed about to burst from the internal pressure of imprisoned humanity a nonchalant gentleman in uniform from one of the more sultry parts of the Commonwealth closed the doors on us and we were off. When, however, after a halt in the tunnel, the train reached the next station, the platform was crowded with expectant travellers who must have piled up

during our long wait at Liverpool Street and who, as soon as the doors opened, flung themselves at the human wall that barred the way to the interior of our moving Buchenwald. Because of my luggage I had contrived to remain within fighting distance of the door, and, in the mêlée around it precipitated by the collision of those seeking to enter with those seeking to battle their way out, I found myself within a couple of feet of the platform. In a sudden impulse, begotten of a longing for air and freedom, I grasped my bags, gave a heave and wriggled myself out just as the doors began to close. I was free—to begin

of my journey, for I had a seat and was able to continue my article. Alighting, like "Mr. Brown of London Town," at Sloane Square, I waited for a 46 bus at the bottom of Sloane Street. It was by now raining and I had to stand there for a full ten minutes; and the bus, when it came, was packed. The total journey from Liverpool Street to my destination just off the west end of Knightsbridge took me an hour, though there was no sign of any undue congestion in the streets and the only bus I was fortunate enough to be able to catch was not held up at all, even by the new road improvement at the intersection of Sloane Street, Brompton Road and Knightsbridge, where, thanks to the imaginative powers of those who designed these improvements—and I see that more are to come—stoppages now seem to have become even more common than before.

However, all this is part of the London traffic game, and I was, no doubt, unlucky. But what struck me most forcibly, as it has done on other bus and Underground journeys recently, was not merely the marked decline in everything except the cost of the service offered but the obvious discontent and ill-temper of so many members of the Staff. In the old days the good humour and courtesy of London's bus and Underground workers was obvious to everyone; to-day it is no longer so. There are still, happily, plenty of exceptions, though I met none on this particular journey; but that something is wrong is growing every month more clear. I am not in a position to know whether the fault lies with the Management or the Unions or, as I suspect, with both. What I am convinced of is that the system is showing signs of breaking down and that public transport is likely to continue to deteriorate until the system is changed. Under a free society one of the most important of all freedoms is the freedom to choose. It is precisely this freedom that to-day, in the name of democracy, is being denied to travellers in Britain's capital. The vast majority of them—those who cannot afford cars or taxis—are forced to take the transport offered them because the law permits of no other. The Public cannot get rid of the Management of London Transport Board, however badly it may serve them and however contemptuously it may treat them, because for all practical purposes senior officials of public utility corporations are, like

Civil Servants, undismissible and assured of their posts until they reach retirement age. The Management cannot dismiss their employees, however poorly or uncivilly they may serve the Public, because if they did, the Unions would bring the entire transport system of the capital to a stop. And the Public cannot retaliate by taking some other form of conveyance because Parliament has willed it that no alternative form of public transport shall be permitted and that anyone who attempts to provide it shall be punished as a law-breaker. If this were not so, the Public would soon cease to patronise inefficient service, and inefficient service would have to put its house in order or go out of business. Nationalisation in the past seemed in theory a wonderful panacea for the abuses of a *laissez-faire* system. But when in practice it fails to satisfy either the Public or those employed in serving the Public, one is forced to the conclusion that nationalisation in some fields doesn't work. And it looks as if one of these is London Transport.



"PORTRAIT OF TURNER," BY J. T. SMITH: AN INTERESTING WATER-COLOUR FROM THE EIGHTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION AT THOS. AGNEW & SONS, LTD., OPEN UNTIL FEBRUARY 28. (8½ by 7½ ins.) The eighty-sixth Annual Water-colour Exhibition at Thos. Agnew and Sons, 43, Old Bond Street, London, S.W.1, contains this unusual study of J. M. W. Turner, painted in 1825 while Turner was studying in the Print Room of the British Museum. The artist is J. T. Smith, who was Keeper of Prints and Drawings at the time. The British Museum is placing on exhibition for the first time R. W. Lloyd's wonderful collection of Turner water-colours which were bequeathed to them last year. A page concerning this exhibition will be found on p. 183.

my journey anew and with a quarter of an hour of my working day wasted. Gratefully I made my way to the earth's surface and surrendered my tenpenny ticket to a lady from either Africa or the Caribbean who, I can only hope, was rewarded—for she had a sad face—for having acquired the surrender token of an impatient passenger so cheaply and at such a large and unwonted profit to her employers. And I was so glad to be in the fresh air and to be able to breathe and move my limbs again that I did not mind finding myself in a rather worse position for making my way home than I had been a quarter of an hour earlier. Catching sight of the Royal Exchange and still resolved to avoid resort to a taxi, I carried my luggage across the Mansion House crossing and settled myself beside a bus stop. But after waiting in vain for close on another ten minutes I decided to try the District Line and walked the quarter of a mile to the Mansion House Station where I caught a westbound Inner Circle train. This was the only satisfactory part

# SEVEN YEARS AFTER HER ACCESSION: STRIKING STUDIES OF HER MAJESTY.



AN INFORMAL STUDY OF THE QUEEN AT HER DESK, WITH SUSAN, WHO IS OFTEN WITH HER MAJESTY WHILE SHE IS WORKING.



A CHARMING STUDY OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN WORKING AT HER DESK IN BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

IT was on Feb. 6, 1952, on the sudden death of her father, that her Majesty the Queen ascended the Throne. Now, seven years after this great turning-point in her life, a book—written with the assistance of the Palace authorities—is to be published in June, telling the story of her Majesty's daily life at home and at work. "How the Queen Reigns" (Hodder and Stoughton), by Dorothy Laird, tells also of the way in which the Queen has responded to the challenges and duties imposed on her—from the age of twenty-five—as Head of the Commonwealth. The book is based on numerous interviews with people who have been in close contact with her Majesty.

(Right.)  
OPENING A BOX  
CONTAINING VARIOUS  
DOCUMENTS  
WHICH HAVE  
BEEN SENT FOR  
HER ATTENTION:  
ANOTHER POR-  
TRAIT OF THE  
QUEEN IN BUCK-  
INGHAM PALACE.



## THE NEW MOTORWAY CLOSED; AND ITEMS FROM ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.



"CRACKS, BUMPS AND BUBBLES" WHICH CAUSED THE CLOSING OF THE PRESTON MOTORWAY 47 DAYS AFTER IT WAS OPENED. THE FAULTS TOTALLED ABOUT 100 YARDS.

AN EXAMPLE OF THE SORT OF DAMAGE WHICH CAUSED THE CLOSING OF ENGLAND'S FIRST MOTORWAY. FROST AND FAULTY DRAINAGE ARE CITED AS THE CAUSES. On December 5 England's first high-speed motorway, the Preston Bypass, was opened by the Prime Minister. On January 21 it was closed on the orders of the Lancashire county surveyor for repair as the result of frost damage which made patches of it very dangerous for fast traffic. Repairs were expected to take about a fortnight.



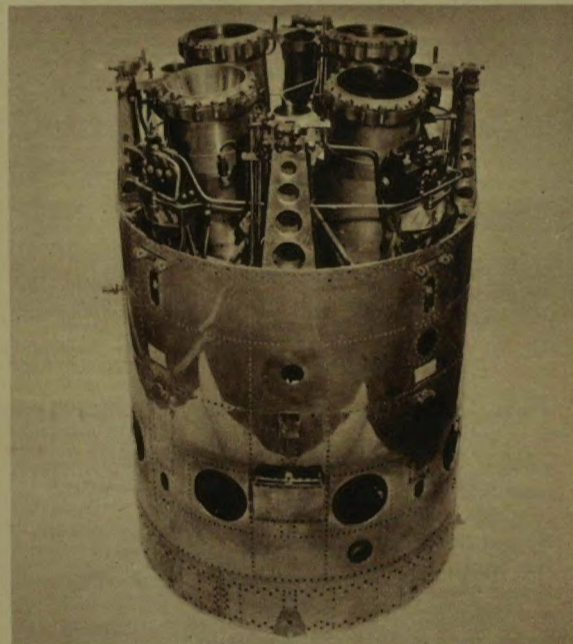
OCEAN MINESWEEPERS AND TENDERS OF THE WEST GERMAN NAVY'S FIRST TRAINING SQUADRON AT DEVONPORT DURING A COURTESY VISIT.

On January 19 the Ocean minesweepers *Hummel* and *Brummer* and the tenders *Eider* and *Trave* arrived at Plymouth for a courtesy visit, and three other vessels were due to follow. This is the first visit of German sailors to the port since before the war.



UNIVERSITY GALLEY-SLAVES—THE OXFORD "A" AND "B" CREWS IN TRAINING AT WALLINGFORD IN THE *LEVIATHAN* TRAINING PUNT, WITH THE COACH, GROUP CAPTAIN EDWARDS, IN THE BOWS.

Arctic conditions saw the beginning of the Oxford training for the Boat Race under Group Captain Edwards. At the end of the first week two crews were working under the designations "19" and "20" and no picture of a final eight was yet emerging.

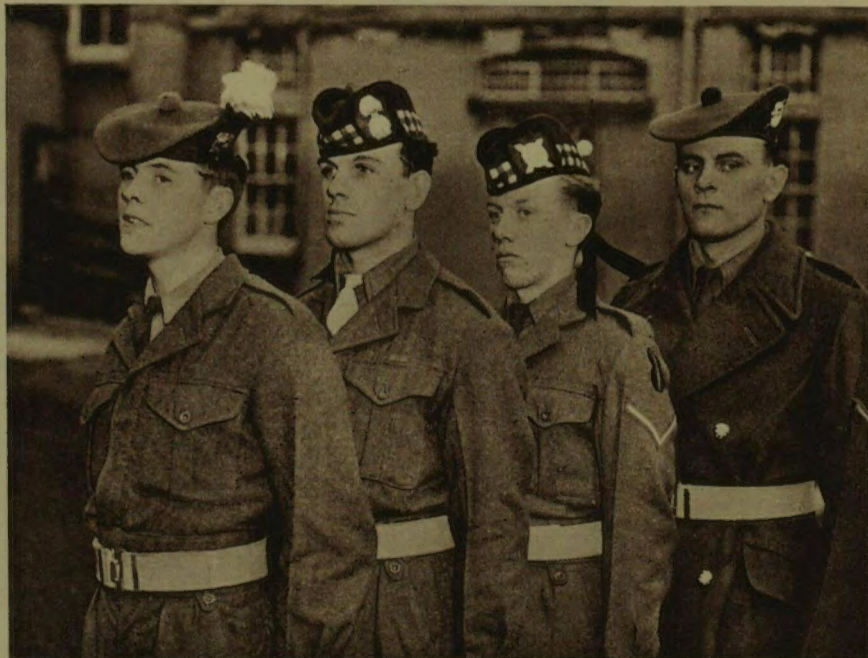


USED TO FIRE THE *BLACK KNIGHT* RESEARCH ROCKET 300 MILES HIGH FROM WOOMERA: THE ARMSTRONG SIDDELEY *GAMMA* ROCKET ENGINE.

This engine consists of four *Gamma* units and develops 16,400 lb. thrust at sea-level, which rises to nearly 19,000 lb. outside the earth's atmosphere. The complete engine compartment weighs about 700 lb. It completed its type clearance tests early last January.



AT REDFORD BARRACKS, EDINBURGH, ON JANUARY 20: MEN OF THE 1ST BN. THE KING'S OWN SCOTTISH BORDERERS PUTTING IN THEIR NEW LOWLAND BRIGADE CAP BADGES.



AN AMALGAMATION ACHIEVED: MEN OF THE ROYAL HIGHLAND FUSILIERS, THE TWO LEFT WEARING THEIR OLD (SEPARATE) REGIMENTAL BADGES; THE TWO RIGHT, THE NEW LOWLAND BRIGADE BADGE.

On January 20 men of the new Lowland Brigade received their new cap badges; and at the same time the amalgamation of The Highland Light Infantry and The Royal Scots Fusiliers into The Royal Highland Fusiliers took place together with their assuming the cap badge of the Lowland Brigade.

# SCENES IN HAVANA; A "WAR CRIMES" TRIAL IN A SPORTS ARENA.



A VIEW OF PART OF THE HUGE CROWD, THE TELEVISION CAMERAS AND MICROPHONES AT THE TRIAL FOR WAR CRIMES OF MAJOR JESUS SOSA BLANCO (CENTRE, STANDING).

THE THREE-MAN TRIBUNAL WHICH FOUND SOSA BLANCO GUILTY. IN THE CENTRE IS DR. SORI MARIN, THE PRESIDING JUDGE. DR. SORI MARIN IS ALSO MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE IN THE REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT.



AFTER HIS TWELVE-HOUR TRIAL: MAJOR JESUS SOSA BLANCO, HANDCUFFED, CENTRE, IS ESCORTED FROM THE STADIUM EARLY ON JANUARY 23.

MAJOR JESUS SOSA BLANCO, IN HANDCUFFS, LISTENS AS THE CHARGES ARE READ OUT TO HIM AT HIS TRIAL. HE WAS ALLEGED TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR KILLING AND TORTURING 108 PEOPLE.

CAPTAIN ARISTIDES DA COSTA, THE BARRISTER APPOINTED BY THE COURT TO DEFEND SOSA BLANCO, PHOTOGRAPHED DURING THE LONG TRIAL.



BANK OFFICIALS, POLICE OFFICERS AND MEMBERS OF THE CASTRO MOVEMENT WITH A LARGE QUANTITY OF MONEY AND SECURITIES CONCEALED BY EX-PRESIDENT BATISTA.

THE FIRST WITNESS TO TESTIFY AGAINST SOSA BLANCO IDENTIFIES HIM DURING THE TRIAL IN A SPORTS STADIUM IN HAVANA.

In the first trial in Havana of those charged with "war crimes" during ex-President Batista's régime, Major Jesus Sosa Blanco was found guilty and sentenced to death by firing squad. The tribunal brought in its verdict at 6 a.m. on January 23, after a sitting lasting twelve and a half hours. After being sentenced, Major Jesus Sosa Blanco had twenty-four hours in which to appeal to a higher tribunal, and if this appeal failed, he could appeal direct to Dr. Fidel Castro, the revolutionary leader. During the trial he was alleged

to have tortured and killed 108 people, and to have burned houses and crops. The trial was held in a large sports arena, and was televised and broadcast by radio. At one time, the crowd attending the proceedings was estimated to number over 17,000, and as the accused was led into the dock, there was an angry chorus of yells and jeers from all sides. Dr. Castro, in Venezuela for the anniversary celebration of the overthrow of General Jimenez' régime, urged that television and radio broadcasts of the trials should be stopped.

MY comments on the revolt in Cuba, published in the issue of the month of this month, were written immediately after its success had been reported. It seems worth while to survey the scene again in view of what has happened since. I do not intend, however, to concentrate on the news, much of which is still obscure, so much as on the significance of what is reasonably clear. I must own that my approach to Latin America has been almost wholly that of a student of "small wars," revolts and their methods, and the rôle of armed forces in protecting or overthrowing dictatorships. This has led to some familiarity with the kinds of constitution which have perished or survived, but only incidentally.

One of the features of these revolutions has been a passion for reform which has stirred the peoples concerned. The leaders have responded to their ardour with speeches and writings often containing phrases as noble as any of those which adorn Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. Some—though one cannot believe all, in view of the later performances of those who have uttered them—have been sincere. Even these, however, have all too frequently been disappointing when put into practice. Some weeds in the lawn have been beheaded, improving its appearance for a short time, only to reappear in equal or even greater strength because they have not been eradicated. And the most sincere reformers are apt to revert to former vices which have got into their blood.

The great mistake made in the outside world by successive generations and never becoming stale is failure to estimate the difference between theory and practice in these situations. It may well be that in the course of many upheavals the actors do not take literally all the fine sentiments expressed, but the grimmest and most blood-stained dictator rarely ventures to disavow them. More, he often writes them into the constitution. In my last article, I quoted Professor R. A. Humphreys, and do so again for a gem of this nature, classifying a government as "essentially civil, republican, democratic, and representative" when everyone from the president down to the street urchin knows that it is not and never has been any of these things. One could multiply examples of such constitutional quackery.

I am not by nature a cynic. I feel, in fact, a certain glow when I read the words of General Mitre, a former President of Argentina and commander in the Paraguayan war, who in 1874 led a rebellion in protest against the rigging of elections: "Not to engage in it, with many comrades or few, though it should be to do no more than protest in manly fashion, with arms in our hands, would be a resounding disgrace, proving that we were incapable and unfit to guard or to merit the liberties which had been lost." I like to think that Mitre would have proved a genuine and successful reformer had he been victorious, but as the result was defeat this can be no more than a matter of conjecture.

The figure of Dr. Fidel Castro aroused widespread enthusiasm when his personality was

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

### THE CUBAN SCENE TO-DAY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

suddenly broadcast to the world at the beginning of the year. He was very young, gallant, austere, enthusiastic himself and possessed of the great gift of arousing the finest kind of enthusiasm in others. His victory over the forces of Batista had clearly been one of a moral nature to a greater extent even than most military victories. Dr. Fidel Castro was hailed as a great idealist. So he may prove to be. Yet the first reports were all of fusillades. It may be argued that the trial and

Deeply though outside reaction, especially in the United States, was resented, it appears to have had an effect. Executions tailed off. Trials were said to have " recommenced " on January 22, and it would look as though more attention might be given to evidence in future. The outside world is to be invited to study the record of

atrocities of the former régime, which is all to the good. Some of the accused are said to have been released because evidence against them was not available, but they are not described as having been found not guilty. A reasonable prospect exists that by the time these lines appear the large-scale executions will be over. Whether the would have been so and whether the number would not have been much higher but for the protests cannot yet be known.

Other work is in hand. Sinecures held by the Batista men are being abolished. The material damage, considerable in some parts of the country and including loot by enthusiasts for freedom as well as destruction by war, is being repaired. The night clubs of Havana are reopening. Dr. Fidel Castro has said that as Cubans cannot afford to play in the gambling-houses, and American tourists—who can—bring money into the country, roulette and other diversions would not be forbidden. The voluntary payment of taxes in advance is put forward as a sign of confidence and respect for the new régime. American firms have been included in this altruism. I wish I could have been concealed behind the arras in one of their boardrooms when the decision was taken.

Most of the disappointment has been caused by unduly great expectations, but the fact remains that already more blood has been shed since the flight of Batista than after the overthrow of certain other mushroom dictators in the recent past. Perhaps there was more to avenge. I suggest, however, that we shall find ourselves better equipped to estimate such affairs if we make use of certain guideposts, which it is mistaken to neglect until they have gone out of date. First, unrest stands for the normal in these States. They all rejoiced in liberation from Spain, at whatever period this happened, but they have never set

up as stable a system. Secondly, dictatorship is not dead as a tradition and authoritarian government still less so. Thirdly, though the people often hope for change in their lot through revolution, with certain notable exceptions—Mexico most of all, Argentina, and even Brazil—this has commonly made little alteration. Fourthly, even the most virtuous do not as a rule cling to bald principles. Witness Dr. Fidel Castro's attitude to the gambling dens.

Yet it moves, a little. Cuba may well be rather better off, and not only from the moral point of view, than she was under Batista. We may hope the new Government—which, by the way, is led by a man whose name few outside the country have ever heard, one President Urrutia, not Dr. Fidel Castro—will contribute to the country's welfare. Most of us would also like to hear that the demands of justice had been satisfied and that the shootings had come to an end.



IN HAVANA: RELATIVES AND FRIENDS WAITING TO VISIT PRISONERS HELD BY THE NEW GOVERNMENT IN LA CABANA PRISON. THE FIRST PUBLIC TRIAL IN HAVANA OF PEOPLE ACCUSED OF WAR CRIMES—HELD IN THE NEW SPORTS COLISEUM AND ATTENDED BY SOME 17,000 SPECTATORS—BEGAN ON JANUARY 22.

execution of murderers and torturers were the necessary and immediate tasks. They came as a shock all the same.

The first explanation given was that those who met this fate had been responsible for the death of thirty persons or more. Perhaps there was some misinterpretation here; it can hardly have been meant to assert that anything below thirty was disregarded, even for the time being. At the hour of writing, it is stated that the deaths have exceeded 200, but this had been said much earlier. Then observers began to work out the period elapsing between the appearance of prisoners before the revolutionary courts of justice and the sound of the volleys which concluded the business. It would seem to have been brief in the extreme, so much so that the sifting of evidence must have been remarkably expeditious. Some reports, which cannot possibly be verified, have spoken of cases in which mistakes of identification occurred.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—I.



(Left.)  
WASHINGTON,  
D.C., U.S.A.  
A NEW 5-LB. ATOMIC  
GENERATOR DEMON-  
STRATED AT THE  
WHITE HOUSE. TO  
THE LEFT IS PRESI-  
DENT EISENHOWER.  
A small thermo-elec-  
tric generating unit,  
fuelled by radio-iso-  
topes and claimed to  
have an efficiency 20  
times as great as any  
known before in the  
transformation of  
heat into electricity,  
was demonstrated at  
the White House on  
January 16. The new  
device will probably  
be used at first for  
powering radio trans-  
mitters and instru-  
ments in space ve-  
hicles, replacing much  
heavier batteries.

(Right.)  
THE GENERATOR,  
RIGHT (PRODUCED BY  
THE MARTIN CO.,  
BALTIMORE, AND THE  
MINNESOTA MINING  
AND MFG. CO., MINNE-  
APOLIS), WITH A PEN,  
L. FOR COMPARISON.



CAIRO, UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC. SIR DENIS RICKETT SHAKING HANDS WITH  
DR. KAISSOUNY AFTER THE INITIALLING OF THE ANGLO-EGYPTIAN AGREEMENT.

The agreement settling the financial dispute between Britain and Egypt was initialled in Cairo on January 16. Egypt's reply to Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's request for a British mission in Cairo was handed over on January 25. Signing of the agreement was expected to follow shortly.



THE WHITE HOUSE, U.S.A. PRESIDENT EISENHOWER AND PRESIDENT FRONDIZI OF  
ARGENTINA (RIGHT) LAUGHING AS THE ARGENTINE AMBASSADOR GREETES MR. DULLES.  
President Frondizi of Argentina arrived in the United States for a State visit on January 20.  
President Frondizi, who is faced with serious opposition in Argentina, addressed a joint  
session of Congress, asking for U.S. private investment in his country.



PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA. COAL GONDOLAS DRIVEN INTO A WHIRLPOOL IN AN EFFORT TO CHECK  
FLOODS AT THE KNOX COAL-MINE.

During the week beginning January 19 severe floods occurred in several northern States of the U.S.A., killing over 100 people, doing immense damage and making thousands of people homeless. Twelve miners were believed dead when flood-water from the Susquehanna River swept into a coal-mine. Coal gondolas were run into the water in a desperate effort to check the flooding.



ANOTHER VIEW OF THE FLOODING OF THE SUSQUEHANNA RIVER AT THE KNOX  
COAL-MINE, SHOWING DEBRIS AND ICE-FLOES IN A WHIRLPOOL.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—II.



ATHENS, GREECE. A HERITAGE—SO IT IS BELIEVED—OF A SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY EXPLOSION AND FIRE: THE FLAKING WHICH AFFLICTS SOME OF THE MARBLE COLUMNS OF THE ACROPOLIS.



WASHINGTON, D.C., U.S.A. DISMANTLING IN PROGRESS OF THE EAST FRONT OF THE CONGRESS BUILDING. THIS FRONT IS BEING MOVED FORWARD ABOUT 11 YARDS IN ORDER TO GIVE MORE INTERIOR SPACE.



ARGENTIA, NEWFOUNDLAND. MR. MIKOYAN, THE SOVIET DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER, RAISING HIS HAT AS HE RESUMED HIS INTERRUPTED FLIGHT BACK TO RUSSIA.



MOSCOW, RUSSIA. MR. MIKOYAN (SECOND FROM RIGHT) AT THE PRESS CONFERENCE HE GAVE ON JANUARY 24 ABOUT HIS RECENT VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES. After his successful tour of the United States, the Russian Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. Mikoyan, was delayed in Newfoundland when fire broke out in one of the engines of the Scandinavian Airlines DC7, and a safe landing was made at Argentia. After a delay of 17½ hours, this journey was resumed in another aircraft sent from Copenhagen, and on January 23 he reached Moscow in a TU104 from Denmark.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. AN ARMED SOLDIER ON A BALCONY OVERLOOKING PART OF "MURDER MILE" ON JANUARY 19 WHEN THIS WAS ONCE MORE "IN BOUNDS" FOR BRITISH TROOPS.



NICOSIA, CYPRUS. YOUNG BRITISH SOLDIERS IN MUFTI STROLLING THROUGH THE GREEK QUARTER, WHEN BOUNDS WERE RELAXED FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE APRIL. On January 19 the towns of Nicosia and Famagusta came fully into bounds again for British serving men during daylight hours; and shopping and window-shopping for unarmed troops, with their families, was fairly general for the first time since April last, and exchanges with the Cypriot population were reasonably relaxed.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—III.



TOKYO, JAPAN. ILLUMINATED AFTER IT HAD BEEN OPENED BY A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL, THE DAUGHTER OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE TOKYO TOWER CORPORATION: THE NEW TELEVISION TOWER, WHICH IS 105 FT. HIGHER THAN THE EIFFEL TOWER.



NORTH CAROLINA, U.S.A. A MONUMENTAL ICICLE NEAR OTEEN—THE RESULT OF WATER SPURTING FROM A BURST IN THE ASHVILLE WATER MAIN, AND THEN FREEZING ON TO A TREE IN ITS PATH, ON JANUARY 18.



NIKOLAEV, UKRAINE. SOVIETSKAYA UKRAINA, A GIANT WHALING SHIP AND FACTORY NOW APPROACHING COMPLETION AT THE NOSENKO YARD.

This 30,000-ton whaling ship will have a displacement  $1\frac{1}{2}$  times greater than the present flagship of the Soviet whaling fleet, *Slava*. *Sovietskaya Ukraina*, as well as serving as a floating factory, will provide the rest of the fleet with fuel, water, food and equipment.



UPPSALA, SWEDEN. THE APPARATUS WITH WHICH THE WORLD'S FIRST "PROTON BEAM" BRAIN OPERATION WAS PERFORMED, SEEN DURING EARLIER RESEARCH.

This apparatus, here operated by (left) Professor Lars Leskell (who conducted the recent operation), throws a precisely-controlled proton beam (produced by a synchrocyclotron). In the successful operation forty radiations of 30 seconds each, directed over a period of two hours, with the patient fully conscious, destroyed a tiny piece of tissue inside the head without any pain and without any piercing of the skin or spilling a single drop of blood.

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD—IV.

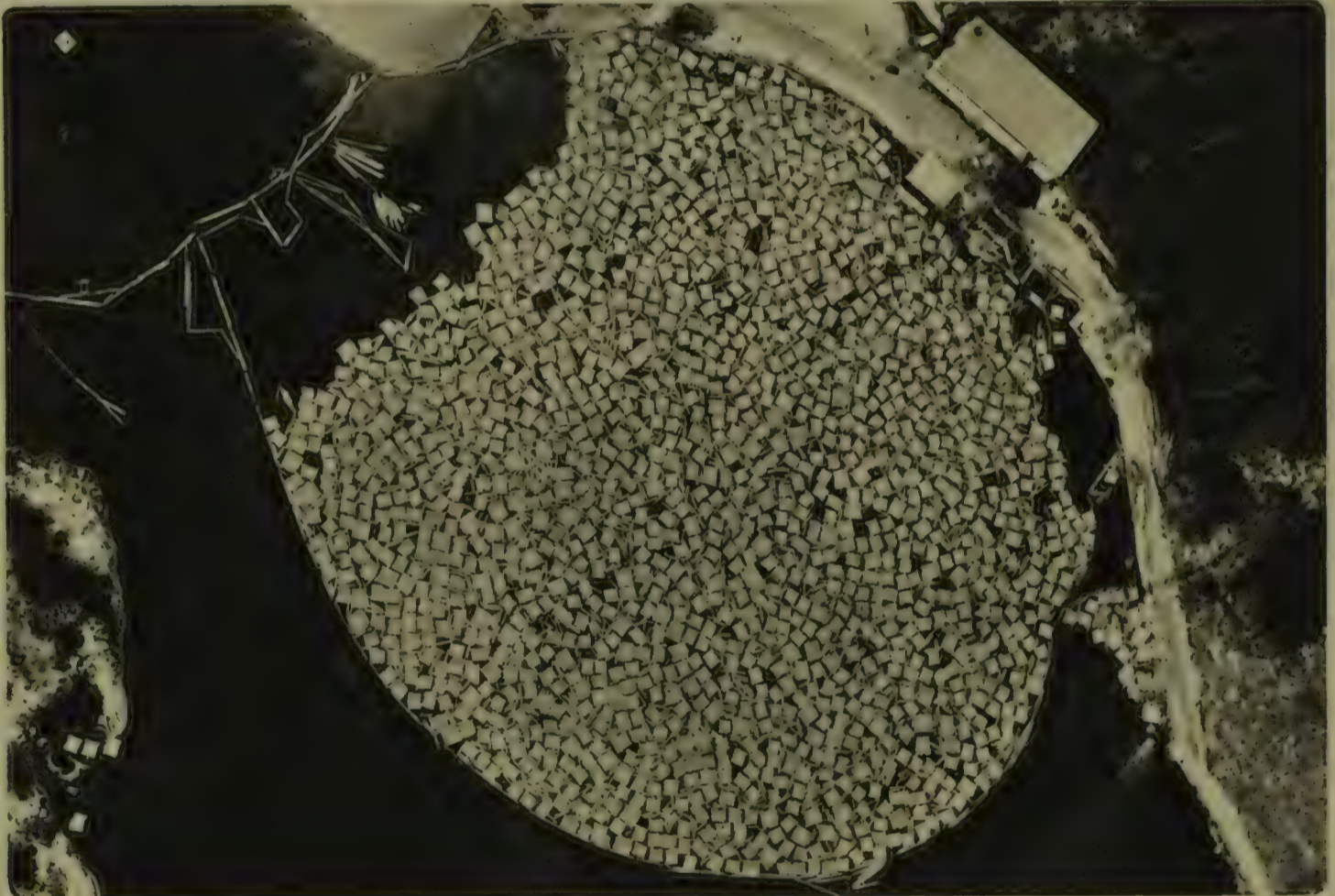


FRANCE. UNDER THE BRIDGES OF PARIS: THE RIVER SEINE HAS RISEN OVER THE QUAYS TO WITHIN 3 FT. OF THE GREAT FLOODS OF 1955.

Many towns in Northern France are suffering badly from flooding. The Rivers Yonne, Marne and Seine have all burst their banks, and in Montereau, fifty miles south of Paris, where the Seine joins the Yonne, most of the inhabitants have been forced upstairs and are being supplied by boat. The situation in Paris has been only a little less grave, and flood-waters have risen to within 3 ft. of the great floods of 1955. This photograph, taken near the Pont Alexandre III, shows how the river has washed right over the embankments, leaving road-signs sticking incongruously out of the water. Concrete barricades have been erected at some points.



AUSTRALIA. A BIRD WITH ITS OWN THERMOMETER: THE MALLEE FOWL, WHICH KEEPS ITS EGGS AT A CONSTANT TEMPERATURE FOR MONTHS ON END. The Australian Mallee fowl (*Leipoa ocellata*) has the remarkable gift of keeping its eggs at a constant temperature. Scientists have now discovered that it achieves this feat by using its sensitive tongue to feel the temperature. The bird makes pecks into the sand, and then changes the heat of its eggs by removing or adding soil.



(Right.) SWEDEN. A NEW WAY OF STOCK-TAKING AT A GLANCE: AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH ENABLING A PAPER MILL TO CHECK ITS "FLOATING ASSETS."

This photograph was taken from a helicopter as a new method of stock-taking was being carried out recently by the Tollare Paper Mill, Uppland. From the photograph, the firm was enabled to count its stock of pulp timber as it floated in water after drifting down a river from the forests, and from enlargements, further information about the quality of the timber can be obtained. This form of stock-taking without tears is claimed to be quicker and cheaper for the purpose than any other.



ANTARCTICA. MEMBERS OF A JAPANESE EXPEDITION BEING GREETED BY TWO HUSKIES, WHICH HAD BEEN LEFT BEHIND ELEVEN MONTHS AGO ON ONGUL ISLAND. (Photograph by radio.) When a Japanese wintering-team left Ongul Island in the Antarctic in February 1958, they had to abandon fifteen husky dogs, and it was regrettably assumed that these had perished. A party re-opening the base recently were surprised when two dogs, Taro and Jiro, came bounding up to them in good health. Presumably the dogs had subsisted on stores and, perhaps, penguins.



OSLO, NORWAY. HOW TO RIDE A MOTOR-BICYCLE IN MOUNTAIN SNOW: MR. REIDAR BERG'S INGENIOUS DEVICE, IN WHICH THE FRONT WHEEL IS MOUNTED ON A SKI, WHILE THE ENGINE DRIVES LIGHT TRACKS.

## FROM EMPIRE TO COMMONWEALTH.

"THE CAMBRIDGE HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, VOL. III. THE EMPIRE-COMMONWEALTH."\*

An Appreciation by SIR CHARLES PETRIE.

THE late Victorian has seen so many changes in the body politic of what at the date of his birth was the British Empire, that it is only when they are soberly set out in a book such as this that he is enabled to realise how revolutionary they have been. It is true that at any rate until the outbreak of the Second World War there was an attempt to preserve the façade, but to-day even that is being abandoned, and it is difficult to resist the conclusion that the historian of the future, when looking for a parallel with the British Commonwealth as we now know it, will

and Napoleonic Wars, though modifications of this were accepted on more than one occasion, and not always, it must be confessed, in such a way as to avoid conveying a definite impression of inconsistency. In general, however, it was appreciated that Great Britain could not bring her full weight to bear upon the mainland of Europe without a Continental ally, and one was usually persuaded to appear as represented by Russia in the question of Greek independence, France at the time of the Belgian rising against the Dutch and of the Crimean War, and Austria-Hungary when the Near East crisis took place in 1878.

On the other hand, when Britain was isolated she could do nothing, as was proved on the occasion of the Schleswig-Holstein tension in the 'sixties, and she might even be herself in danger, as in the War of American Independence and in the earlier days of the South African War. It was the realisation of this fact which drove Salisbury and Chamberlain at the turn of the century to attempt a renewal of the old understanding with Germany, and, when this proved impossible, to conclude the Entente with France.

Other factors began to become active with the passage of time, and one of them was the scramble among the European Powers for African territory in their search for new sources of supply of raw materials. In 1860 their possessions were mere patches on the map—that is to say, Algeria in the north, two British colonies thousands of miles to the south, with a few British, Spanish and Portuguese settlements dotted along the west and east coasts. Forty years later Abyssinia and Liberia were almost the only portions of Africa not subject to European rule. The rapidity with which the change took place engendered friction, and, as in the case of the Far East, war outside Europe might easily lead to war inside Europe, and for this Great Britain became progressively more unprepared.

The relative strength of armaments was now of the first importance, and this volume contains two excellent chapters by Mr. W. C. B. Tunstall on "Imperial Defence," which deal with the problem of politics and strategy. In the eighteenth century Britain had been able to send overseas armies of a size sufficiently respectable to turn the scale in favour of herself and her allies, but with the passage of time the man-power required for the successful conduct of war increased, and the land establishment of Great Britain began to lag behind, though how far behind was not fully realised by her rulers until the South African War. The Navy, as is not always realised, was in a very poor state in the latter part of the nineteenth century. To quote Mr. Tunstall:

Unlike the Army, the Navy had not fought a real fleet action against a first-class naval power since the Basque Roads of 1809. By the late middle years of the nineteenth century a torpor had overcome the Service. . . . New guns and ammunition for the Navy were still included in the Army Estimates, and the War Office had the custody of the Navy's war stores. Gunnery was at a very low ebb and practice-firing was often a mere farce. Black powder was not replaced by smokeless till about 1900. Sights and range-finding equipment were very poor, and armour-piercing shells were not issued till 1902. Some ships were still armed with muzzle-loaders. In addition to lack of cruisers and destroyers, the main fleets were without such essential auxiliaries as colliers, ammunition, store, repair and hospital ships. Gibraltar lacked proper docks, defences, and reserves of coal and ammunition.

The Army was in a somewhat better plight, though it had not since the Crimean War met European troops on European soil; yet, as Mr. Tunstall points out, "the British regular soldier

of 1890, despite much that was antiquated in his arms, training, organisation and way of looking at war, was nevertheless a modern soldier." All the same, as late as 1904 the Secretary of State for War admitted in the House of Commons that the Army "in its present form is not suited to the requirements of the country or adapted for war." The knowledge that the Empire was so inadequately defended explains the anxiety frequently expressed by statesmen like Sir Winston Churchill and Lord Haldane where the problem of Imperial Defence was concerned, and it was indeed fortunate that the appropriate remedies had been applied before the outbreak of the First World War.

Amid so much that is excellent it is perhaps carping to criticise, but I personally find it difficult to agree with Mr. Hinsley that the Algeiras—why will he mis-spell the place?—Conference of 1906 "completed Germany's discomfiture." It is true that the German representatives, under the influence of Holstein, over-acted their part, and so alienated the other Powers, but when Bülow realised that Holstein's policy was leading straight to war he took the control out of his hands. In fact, this particular Franco-German duel resulted in a draw, for although France obtained the control of the Moroccan police for herself and her Spanish ally, the German Government had established its contention that the problem of Morocco was the concern of all the Powers, and not only of Paris and Madrid.

It was a happy thought of the Editors to include in this volume a chapter on the Colonial Office itself, and to have entrusted the writing of it to one with so detached an approach as Mr. R. B. Pugh. His summing-up could not be better:



THE QUEEN, PRINCESS ANNE AND PRINCESS MARGARET WATCH FROM THE SHELTER OF A DOORWAY AS PRINCE PHILIP'S AIRCRAFT TAKES OFF FOR INDIA ON JANUARY 20. HE WILL RETURN ON APRIL 30. The Duke of Edinburgh left London Airport for India on January 20 in a B.O.A.C. *Comet 4* at the beginning of his round-the-world tour. It was a damp departure for the Duke, as driving rain swept across the airfield. H.M. the Queen, Princess Anne and Princess Margaret took shelter in a doorway as they watched the Duke's aircraft take off into grey clouds. He is due back by way of the West Indies.

In short, the Colonial Office staff was too intellectual to be imaginative. Moreover, it was imprisoned in its environment. The culture of London seemed so polished that it was hard to treat with perfect seriousness the aspirations of Toronto or Auckland, Lagos or Belize. To the men of Whitehall the civilisation of the colonies, whether newly contrived by expatriated Britons or the child of the primordial jungle, was not merely different to their own, it was inferior to it. Colonial peoples were like children and were to be treated with all the kindness and severity of the Victorian parent.

It would be impossible to exaggerate what that attitude has cost Great Britain in the last forty years, and it is to be hoped that all the Departments of State have now learnt the lesson of the Colonial Office.



A FAREWELL IN THE RAIN: THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH WAVES GOODBYE AT LONDON AIRPORT FROM THE ENTRANCE TO THE B.O.A.C. COMET 4 WHICH FLEW HIM TO INDIA FOR HIS THREE-MONTH WORLD TOUR.

have to cast his mind back to the Holy Roman Empire.

This present volume covers the period from 1868 to 1925: during these years the dominating factor was the attitude of Whitehall, for as late as the Imperial Conference of 1911 the then Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, told the assembled delegates that foreign policy was the affair of the British Government subject to its responsibility to the British Parliament, and that this authority could not be shared. This doctrine was not seriously contested by the Dominion Premiers, and when three years later Mr. Asquith's administration declared war on Germany the whole Empire was automatically involved in the subsequent hostilities. Yet it was this war that developed a feeling of nationhood among the Dominions, and their new status was admitted both at the Peace Conference and in their separate membership of the League of Nations. A few years after the date at which this book ends the matter was carried a stage further by the Statute of Westminster.

Such is the story which is told in these pages by a number of distinguished contributors, and it is told extremely well; their individual narratives fit in with each other admirably, and the relevant factors are given their proper place. It is only to be regretted that delays in production have necessarily resulted in the fact that the bibliography is not up to date.

As the British Empire was a single political entity down to the First World War it was possible for its rulers to pursue a policy which treated it as a whole without being under the necessity of paying undue attention to the demands of any particular one of its component parts. In the main this policy was based upon the maintenance of the Vienna settlement after the Revolutionary

\* "The Cambridge History of the British Empire, Vol. III. The Empire-Commonwealth." (Cambridge University Press; £5.)

# THE AFRICAN JUNGLE BRILLIANTLY FILMED: SCENES FROM "LORDS OF THE FOREST."



MARABOUTS FISHING IN SHALLOW WATER ON LAKE EDWARD—ONE OF THE INTERESTING BIRD PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FILM.



TWO OKAPI LISTENING INTENTLY WITH THEIR HUGE EARS. THE OKAPI WAS DISCOVERED AS RECENTLY AS 1910.



A GIANT EARTH-HOG, THE BIGGEST OF THE INSECT-EATING ANIMALS, WITH ITS TONGUE OUTSTRETCHED TO GATHER A MOUTHFUL OF TERMITES.



THE GIANT PANGOLIN, WHICH—LIKE THE GIANT EARTH-HOG—HAS A LONG TONGUE, NO TEETH, AND LIVES ON INSECTS.



THE POTTO, OR AFRICAN SLOTH—ONE OF THE LIVING FOSSILS WHICH SURVIVE IN THE VAST FOREST REGIONS OF THE CONGO.



A RARELY-SEEN INHABITANT OF THE CONGO FOREST: THE RED FOREST HOG, THE HUNTING OF WHICH BY THE FOREST DWELLERS IS SEEN IN THE FILM.

Last November, an exciting and unusual film had its world première in Brussels. It was "Lords of the Forest" ("Les Seigneurs de la Forêt"), which shows in outstanding sequences the lives led by the Congo forest dwellers (the Lords of the Forest) and contains many fine shots of the jungle fauna, some of which are reproduced by courtesy of 20th Century-Fox films on these pages. The team who made the film—in Eastmancolor—had as their producer ex-King Leopold, who is Président d'Honneur of the International Scientific Foundation

in Brussels, his Deputy Producer being Henri Storck. The leading scientific adviser for the film was Professor Daniel Biebuyck, of the University of Léopoldville, Belgian Congo, who can speak the dialects of the forest—archaic and pygmy forms of Bantu—and who is a member of some of the native secret societies. It was thus possible to film and, to a considerable extent, interpret the strange rites performed by the forest dwellers. Heinz Sielmann and Henry Brandt also took leading parts in making the film.

"LORDS OF THE FOREST," MADE UNDER EX-KING LEOPOLD'S AUSPICES.



A GIANT MALE GORILLA, WEIGHING MORE THAN 500 LB., WITH OTHERS OF HIS KIND, LOOKS SUSPICIOUSLY TOWARDS THE CAMERA.



THE LONG-TAILED TREE PANGOLIN, A RELIC FROM TIMES WHEN MAMMALS WERE AT AN EARLY STAGE OF DEVELOPMENT. PANGOLINS ARE SACRED TO CONGO FOREST DWELLERS.



A FEROCIOUS AFRICAN BIRD: THE CROWNED EAGLE, WHICH LIVES ALMOST ENTIRELY ON MONKEYS, AND IS SHOWN HUNTING ITS PREY IN THE FILM.



THE GIANT EARTH-HOG, A RARE AFRICAN SPECIES, WHOSE STRANGE BEHAVIOUR, IT IS CLAIMED, HAS NEVER BEFORE BEEN SHOWN IN A FILM.

One of the most interesting of the religious rites shown in "Lords of the Forest" is the ceremony performed by the primitive jungle dwellers when a pangolin, an animal considered sacred and not hunted, is killed in a trap. The performance is accompanied by elaborate ritual, singing and dancing. Another jungle custom shown in the film is the graceful dance by groups of girls in imitation of the dancing of the crowned crane. Many of the exciting animal scenes show aspects of animal behaviour which have not been filmed before. "Lords

of the Forest" is to be shown by 20th Century-Fox in many countries outside Belgium, and is expected in Britain later this year. It is the first Belgian film of this kind to have the honour of being shown internationally in this way, and one of the films of which a book has been made. (The book, published in Belgium and produced by Jacques Bolle and Yves Delacre, in collaboration with Professor Biebuyck and Dr. Ernest Schaefer, and others, is lavishly illustrated and has a fully informative text.)

## IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



IN writing recently of the interest of sowing seeds, pips and stones harvested from the Christmas dinner-table—or from any dinner-table for that

matter—I forgot to mention one most curious characteristic of young orange seedlings. Many times, at long intervals during a longish life, I have sown orange pips in pots, sometimes for my own idle amusement, but more often to arouse interest among the young—in years. What happened eventually to all the baby orange-trees that I raised in this way I have not the slightest idea. But of one thing I am sure—no seedling ever reached the fruiting stage. On the other hand, they almost invariably produced a blossom or two within a month or two of making their first appearance. Always there would be an absurd little stem, 4 or 5 ins. tall, carrying a few glossy leaves, and then at the summit—if one can describe the top of a 4-in.-high tree as its summit—a ridiculously disproportionately large orange-blossom—or perhaps there would be two or three. They would be the full, normal size of ordinary orange-blossoms, and they had the true, powerful fragrance.

After this initial performance the little trees would, so to speak, go into retirement and blossom no more for as long as I had the patience to continue growing the silly things. A flowerless, fruitless orange-tree in a pot is a dull sort of a plant-pet to have. Its personal habits, too, are revolting. Its leaves and younger twigs become caked with black, sooty grime and they drip sticky gooey honeydew, as well as becoming infested with scale insect. You know the orange scale insect, of course, a small, narrow, oval process which sticks to leaf, stem or fruit like a minute pale-brown limpet, under which the harmful insects reside and, so I am told, suck the plant's precious juices. The honeydew and the black goo may be got rid of fairly easily by syringing with water, whilst the brown scales can be wipped off with that invaluable pocket instrument, the widge—or in emergency with a match-stick or a thumb-nail, and finally cleaned away by syringing again with water.

Experts in the citrus world could doubtless tell you of some Borgia dope with which to clear your orange-tree of scale. But it will probably be found that direct action with match-stick or thumb-nail will do the job well enough if only one or two trees are involved, and save the bother of assembling the necessary dope and apparatus for spraying. On the other hand, actual spraying is not absolutely necessary. The doping and washing may be done by hand with a small sponge and an old toothbrush.

### ORANGE-TREES AS ANNUALS

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

As far as my experience goes, raising orange- or lemon-trees from piphood to the flowering and fruiting stage is a long-term operation, so that it may be found more convenient and satisfactory to put pride in pocket and, at the same time, take cash from pocket and buy a ready-made orange-tree already carrying a crop of the beautiful golden fruit. One sees them occasionally in florists' shops, and I would say that any good enterprising florist or nurseryman who is game to take a little trouble to oblige a customer could obtain a pot specimen for one.

of this sort are the very devil, and so, too, of course, are ants. If either or both should get in, the appropriate anti-worm and anti-ant dope should be obtained from the horticultural department of your chemist and used according to directions. The orange must, of course, be watered regularly and with wise discretion. If by any chance the soil in the pot should become quite dried out, as can happen from one cause or another, the best remedy is to stand it in water with the pot totally immersed for several hours.



AN ORANGE-TREE IN FLOWER AND FRUIT—IN ENGLAND. THIS POTTED SHRUB WAS PHOTOGRAPHED AT HIDCOTE, IN A SPECIAL FEATURE WHICH IS UNDER GLASS IN THE WINTER, BUT OF WHICH THE GLASS IS REMOVED IN THE WARMER MONTHS. (Photograph by J. E. Downward.)

As to after-care, that is really quite simple. The little tree in its pot or small tub should stand out in the open garden in a sheltered sunny spot, and it is a good plan to let it stand on a flagstone, so as to minimise the risk of worms getting up into the pot. Worms in a pot-plant

but one which seems to be appreciated and practised by very few gardeners. All that is necessary is a tub, large or small, according to your needs, a sack of a size convenient for use in the tub, and a helping of well-decayed farmyard manure. The procedure is then singularly like that for infusing tea in a muslin bag in the American manner. You merely put the "farmer's delight" into the bag, and then sink it into the tub, filled with water, and leave it to soak for a day or two. For use, the infusion may be diluted with more water—or not—according to discretion. It looks singularly like beef tea, and is equally stimulating—to the right patient. You may winter your orange-tree, or trees, in any frost-proof place. A greenhouse from which frost can be excluded, an airy potting-shed, an attic, or even a spare bedroom. Give the pot or tub a good soaking of water a day or two before you bring it in for the winter, and then for the duration of its time indoors keep it just reasonably moist, but not sodden.

A fruiting and flowering orange-tree makes a delightful picture, gold and silver in a rich green setting. But if it's oranges for eating that you want, I recommend buying them.

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# THE EDUCATION OF BRITISH YOUTH—XXI. BRADFIELD COLLEGE.



THE NINETEENTH-CENTURY DINING HALL. SIR GILBERT SCOTT'S DESIGN IS BASED ON THAT OF THE MEDIÆVAL BARN.  
THE FAR WINDOW IS AN EARLY WORK IN STAINED GLASS BY BURNE JONES.

The story of the foundation of Bradfield College is an unusual one, and that of its first three decades of existence hardly less so. The founder was the Rev. Thomas Stevens, who was rector and squire of Bradfield (near Reading, Berkshire), as his father and forefathers had been for two centuries. He was a man of generous and sanguine temperament, with boundless energy and enthusiasm, and numerous interests. Characteristically, he also had a very large family. In 1835 and 1836 he was working on the formation of Poor Law Unions in Derbyshire and Leicestershire, and this brought him into

contact with the architect, Gilbert Scott, then employed in building workhouses and prisons, who became his lifelong friend. Soon after this, Thomas Stevens decided to rebuild Bradfield Church. The design for the rebuilding was very largely his, the suggestions offered by Sir Gilbert Scott having been radically modified. The new church, built at ruinous expense as a memorial to Thomas Stevens' father, led to the founding of the school. It was too large for the needs of the local people, and, as a Bradfield historian puts it, a school had to be founded to fill it and to supply a good choir.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*

## BRADFIELD COLLEGE, THE NOTED BERKSHIRE PUBLIC SCHOOL, WHICH WAS LARGELY DESIGNED BY ITS FOUNDER, THOMAS STEVENS.



A VIEW SHOWING, CENTRE BACKGROUND, THE HEADMASTER'S HOUSE, AND, TO THE RIGHT OF THE DRAWING, ARMY HOUSE.



LOOKING TOWARDS ARMY HOUSE (CENTRE BACKGROUND), WITH—TO THE RIGHT—THE DINING HALL, "E" HOUSE AND RUINS OF THE OLD MANOR HOUSE.



SEEN FROM ABOVE THE PLAYING FIELD: L. TO R., THE PARISH CHURCH, BIG SCHOOL, "E" HOUSE, PART OF THE ORIGINAL RECTORY AND THE CHAPEL. During its first years Bradfield College suffered from three things—competition from other public schools in the area, an unfortunate and apparently unfounded reputation for High Church tendencies, and—ironically—from its Founder. In spite of his genial personality, Thomas Stevens was no businessman—as he showed in his grandiose rebuilding of Bradfield Church—and an unsuccessful administrator. As Warden of the school, he was jealous of power and could not work with his Headmasters, taking on himself the entire

administration, except "the shepherding of masters and boys and the teaching," as he himself said. During one period of ten years, no fewer than three Headmasters came and went. The pay of the assistant masters was inadequate and payment was often seriously in arrears. Matters got worse until finally, in 1881, Thomas Stevens was overwhelmed by financial disaster. At the end of term just before the crash, a master went to the Warden and said: "Mr. Warden, I have no money to go away with," and received the



THE MAIN ENTRANCE, WITH ARMY HOUSE ON THE LEFT. THE SCHOOL WAS PLANNED BY THOMAS STEVENS, WITH HELP FROM SIR GILBERT SCOTT. characteristic reply: "Well, my dear, then you must stay here. I can feed you, but I cannot pay you." Shortly after this the Founder became bankrupt. The College and its land were protected by a charitable trust, but the Founder's rectory was sequestered and the manor and lands sold. Reluctantly, the Founder resigned the Wardenship, and this was given to the Headmaster, the Rev. H. B. Gray, who had come to the school the previous year, and before becoming Warden had been on the point of leaving. The masters had

previously—on May 13—threatened to leave *en masse* unless the Founder immediately resigned. Under Mr. Gray, the school recovered and entered a period of prosperous development which has continued up to the present. By 1886, the growth of Bradfield, founded and nearly ruined by the well-meaning but misguided Thomas Stevens, was described as "a veritable resurrection from the dead." Among recent improvements, new laboratories have been built, with assistance from the Industrial Fund.

## BRADFIELD COLLEGE: THE OPEN-AIR THEATRE.



A WINTRY VIEW OF THE STAGE AND AUDITORIUM, WHICH ARE MODELLED ON THE GREEK THEATRE AT EPIDAUROS.

The first performance of a Greek play, in the original, at Bradfield's open-air theatre took place in 1890. The early productions, during the last years of the nineteenth century, were given a warm reception, and one enthusiastic critic wrote: "It does good to any man to go and listen to a Greek play at Bradfield," echoing, no doubt, the sentiments of many of his fellow-spectators. The first of the College productions of Greek plays took place some years before the theatre was built and shortly after the fashion for this kind of drama had been introduced at Oxford. It was a notable occasion.

The play was Euripides' "Alcestis," F. R. Benson, the famous actor, being stage manager and playing Apollo; W. L. Courtney, of *Daily Telegraph* fame, played Hercules, and the Warden-Headmaster (Mr. Gray), Admetus. The theatre was built—the boys taking part in the work—in a disused chalk pit which the school had acquired, and at the end of the century was enlarged to its present seating capacity of over 2000. It was also at this time that the regular performance every third year of a Greek play—with the participation of boys and masters—was decided on.

*Drawn by our Special Artist, Dennis Flanders.*

## A MOTORING TRAGEDY: MIKE HAWTHORN'S DEATH, AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-NINE.

THE death in a road accident on January 22 of Mike Hawthorn, the world champion racing motorist, was a personal tragedy mourned by motoring enthusiasts throughout the world. Only very recently he had announced his retirement from Grand Prix racing, and last October received the highest honour ever achieved by a British racing motorist by winning the world championship for drivers of *Formula 1* cars, beating Stirling Moss by one point. His outstanding racing career began with a successful season in 1952, and he was aged twenty-nine at the time of his death. The accident occurred as he was driving his 3.4-litre *Jaguar* in blustery weather along a straight stretch of the Guildford by-pass, which was wet after rain, and was witnessed by a friend, Mr. R. Walker, whom he had just overtaken. The *Jaguar* went into a skid at high speed, struck the rear offside of an oncoming lorry, careered across the road and came to rest—a mass of tangled wreckage—after hitting and almost uprooting a small tree. He was dead before ambulance men could extricate him from the car. The crash occurred not far from the scene of his father's death in a road accident in 1954. Since then, he and his mother had run the family garage business at Farnham. Miss Jean Howarth, a fashion model, said after the accident that her engagement to Mr. Hawthorn would probably have taken place shortly. During his brilliant racing career, Mike Hawthorn had several times had narrow escapes. In Sicily, he had been severely burned when his car burst into flames after a collision with two other racing cars, and at Le Mans in 1955 his car was involved in the accident in which a *Mercedes Benz* disintegrated and killed eighty-five spectators. Last year he lost four friends in racing accidents—Peter Collins, Archie Scott-Brown, Luigi Musso and Peter Whitehead.

(Right.) MIKE HAWTHORN PHOTOGRAPHED WITH HIS BOXER AND CAT, JUST BEFORE ANNOUNCING HIS RETIREMENT FROM GRAND PRIX RACING.



THE SCENE OF THE CRASH—AFTER THE CAR WRECKAGE HAD BEEN REMOVED—SHOWING THE REMNANTS OF THE TREE WHICH THE *JAGUAR* STRUCK.



THE INCREDIBLY TWISTED AND BATTERED REMAINS OF MIKE HAWTHORN'S *JAGUAR* SHORTLY AFTER THE TRAGIC ACCIDENT.

# THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

## THE LIFTED BAN.

By J. C. TREWIN.

EACH of the plays I write about this week has been banned in its time, otherwise there is no kind of affinity. One we shall meet at the end of April. The other, just opened at the New Theatre, is the sultry business that Tennessee Williams calls "The Rose Tattoo," and that, owing in particular to legal proceedings in Dublin, has been much bruited. Here the withdrawal of the Lord Chamberlain's ban does not mean that anything powerful has been added to drama currently available in the West End. It is, roughly, the Turkish-bath tale of a Sicilian woman in a small community on the Gulf Coast of the United States. She loses her first husband in an accident and becomes emotionally dead, only to revive when a second man approaches who can stir memory. There are other matters, but that is enough to indicate the theme.

This is a sweltering, anxious piece, slow in development, and with the portentous air (about nothing in particular) from which Mr. Williams's work seldom escapes. But some of the comedy is spirited: Lea Padovani, an actress who—like many Italian artists—can resemble a circling electric storm, and Sam Wanamaker, with his closely-detailed naturalism, contrive to hold us. In performance the play has a gummy stickiness: everyone seems to be in need of a long, cool drink. Stage directions in the published version are explicit:

"Her face and throat gleam with sweat."

"Great moons of sweat have soaked through the armpits of his jacket."

"He is sweating and stammering with pent-up fury."

"The undershirt clinging wetly to his dark olive skin."

In spite of prolonged strain on the pores, "The Rose Tattoo" is not a very urgent matter. I wish myself that "Hot Summer Night," by Ted Willis—whose initials are his only likeness to Mr. Williams—had continued its run at this theatre. It was a better play.

However, "The Rose Tattoo" is with us, and nobody, I am quite sure, would wish to be ungenerous about either Lea Padovani (whom we saw in London last with Ruggero Ruggeri) or Sam Wanamaker. They are themselves generous, acting full out, never casually throwing away a scene. We can respect that. I wish the excellent Mr. Wanamaker would tighten his production, which has clutches of screaming neighbours and slithering children to irritate us. They are intended, maybe, to persuade us that the play is rushing along when, in fact, it loiters. But the night depends upon the two principals. The audience has not to read that introduction to the printed text which—if I did not know that many dramatists have a trick of preliminary haranguing—might have kept me glumly from the theatre. This kind of thing (Mr. Williams is not necessarily speaking of his own work): "Our hearts are wrung by recognition and pity, so that the dusky shell of the auditorium where we are gathered anonymously together is flooded with an almost liquid warmth of unchecked human sympathies, relieved of self-consciousness, allowed to function. . . ."

The author of our second play, one to reach us on April 29 in the dusky shell of the Old Vic auditorium, wrote a preface as well. He said in it, and about his own work, nearly 140 years ago: "I have avoided with great care . . . the introduction of what is commonly called mere poetry, and I imagine there will scarcely be found a detached simile or a single isolated description, unless Beatrice's description of the chasm appointed for her father's murder should be judged

to be of that nature." Who is the Beatrice? Forget the Shakespearean heroine at whose birth a star danced. We are talking now of that other Beatrice, at the heart of Percy Bysshe Shelley's tragedy, "The Cenci." When Barbara Jefford appears in the part at the Old Vic, she will be only the second actress to do so in London during our day. "The Cenci"—with incest in its background—was barred from the



BARBARA JEFFORD, WHO IS TO PLAY BEATRICE IN A REVIVAL OF SHELLEY'S "THE CENCI," AT THE OLD VIC THEATRE, BEGINNING AT THE END OF APRIL.

theatre until Sybil Thorndike restored it (and, oddly, it was at the New) thirty-seven years ago. Alma Murray formed the Shelley Society during 1886 to stage the play in private, with her own Beatrice, at the Grand Theatre, Islington; but it was Sybil Thorndike who brought it back in full triumph.

Shelley, during his Italian travels, received a manuscript copied from the archives of the Cenci Palace. It contained in detail an account of the horrors that extinguished one of the noblest and richest families in Rome (during the Pontificate of Clement VII in 1599). He found in Rome that any mention of the Cenci would awaken "a deep and breathless interest; and that the feelings of the company never failed to incline to a romantic pity for the wrongs and a passionate exculpation of the horrible deed to which they urged her who has been mingled two centuries with the common dust."

I dare say the Vic production will renew those arguments about the quality of the play; it is extraordinarily moving on the page, whatever one may feel in performance. Probably, too, we shall hear again the tale of the poets whose play-writing was a by-product, discoverable now only in the Collected Works and sometimes in small print among the appendices. "The Cenci," of course, is major. There is, too, any amount of minor drama, Keats's "Otho the Great," for example (I have known this in the theatre), and his fragment of a chronicle about Stephen that contains the difficult lines, "Where are my enemies? Here, close at hand, here come the testy brood!" Shelley has also his small-print fragment. It is "Charles the First," which he began when he was engaged upon "The Cenci." It opens with a "Masque of the Inns of Court" in which Shelley, like so many other verse dramatists, proves that he knew his Shakespeare. Such phrases, at random, as "open-eyed conspiracy" and "How young thou art in this old age of time! How green in this grey world?" have a pleasant echo.



LEA PADOVANI AND SAM WANAMAKER, WHO GIVE MEMORABLE PERFORMANCES AS SERAPHINA, THE WIDOW, AND ALVARO MANGIACAVALLLO, HER SEMI-IDIOT SUITOR, IN "THE ROSE TATTOO," TENNESSEE WILLIAMS'S PLAY ABOUT EMOTIONAL CRISES IN A COLONY OF SICILIANS ON THE AMERICAN GULF COAST. (NEW THEATRE: FIRST NIGHT, JANUARY 15.)

Echoes or not, "The Cenci" is a very different matter, one that has long riven the critics. The best treatment of it I know is in James Agate's review of the Thorndike production. He says during this essay that "The Cenci" is, "strictly speaking, a 'morality,' an exhortation, part of the passionate propaganda of a noble mind, which swells the theatre of its presentation to the scope and dimension of a cathedral." We can leave full debate until an occasion that ought to be exciting. Michael Benthall directs; Hugh Griffith and Veronica Turleigh will join the cast to play the incestuous Count Francesco Cenci—whose murder is at the core of the drama—and his wife Lucretia.

Certainly Miss Jefford will have an actress's noble opportunity as Beatrice, who appears (said Shelley) "to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together without destroying one another; her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world." It will

be difficult, I imagine, to hear without emotion those last lines:

Mother, tie  
My girdle for me, and bind up this hair  
In any simple knot; ay, that does well.  
And yours, I see, is coming down. How  
often  
Have we done this for one another; now  
We shall not do it any more. My lord,  
We are quite ready. Well, 'tis very well.

How well, we shall learn in April.

### OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"DANTON'S DEATH" (Lyric, Hammersmith).—Georg Buechner's drama, translated and adapted by James Maxwell, is the first play in an ambitious six-month season. (January 27.)

"VALMOUTH" (Saville).—Sandy Wilson's musical play which ran at Hammersmith through the autumn. (January 27.)

"MADAME DE . . ." and "TRAVELLER WITHOUT LUGGAGE" (Arts).—An Anouilh double bill, directed by Peter Hall. The first, and shorter, play is presented for the first time on any stage. (January 29.)

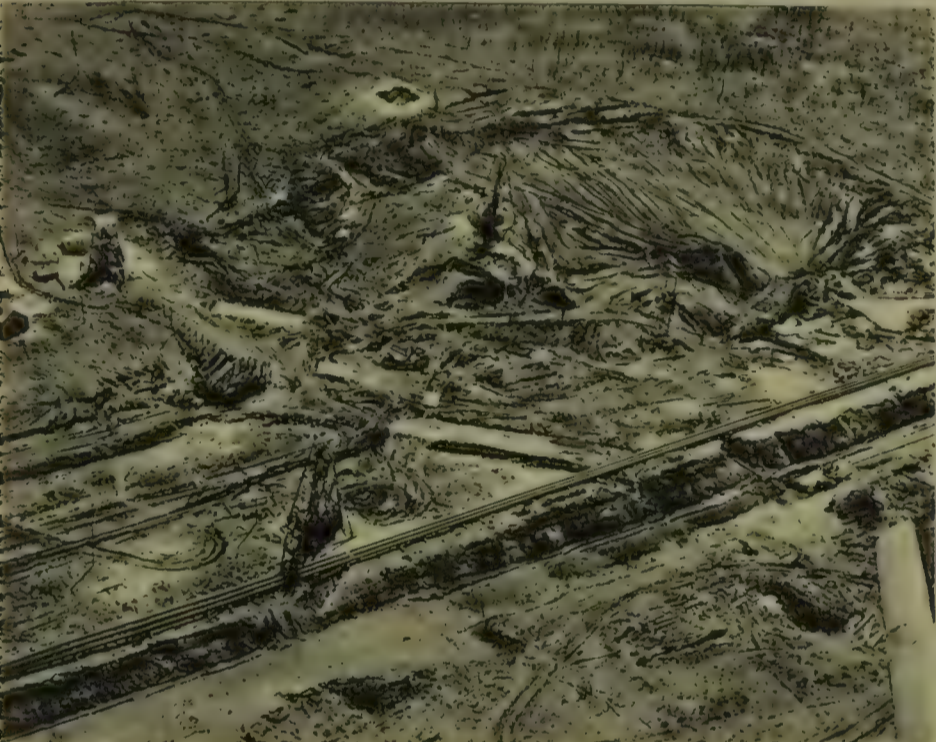
# DIAMOND - FIELDS WHICH MAY SUPPLY ALL RUSSIA'S NEEDS—AND MORE.



THE WAY TO THE SIBERIAN DIAMOND-FIELDS—BY AIR : A VIEW OF THE TRACKLESS FORESTS OF YAKUTIA, WHERE THE KIMBERLITE PIPES ARE BEING FOUND.



A CLEARING IN THE FOREST NEAR A NEWLY-DISCOVERED PIPE, CALLED "SPUTNIK." THE DISCOVERIES CALL FOR VERY LARGE-SCALE ROAD-MAKING.



LOOKING DOWN ON "MIR" (PEACE), TO DATE THE RICHEST OF THE KIMBERLITE PIPES IN YAKUTIA, AND ALSO THE MOST SOUTHERLY.



NEW HOUSING AT MIRNYI, THE SETTLEMENT BUILT TO WORK THE "MIR" PIPE. THERE IS ALSO A CONCENTRATE PLANT, WHICH BEGAN WORK IN JUNE 1957.



TWO ENGINEERS EXAMINING CORES FROM DRILLING DONE IN THE KIMBERLITE. IN SOME PIPES THE CONTENT AVERAGES FOUR CARATS OR MORE PER TON.



HANDFULS OF DIAMONDS—FROM THE DRESSING PLANT AT NYURBA-AMAKINKA. CUTTING AND POLISHING IS DONE AT A MOSCOW PLANT.

The Russian search for large internal sources of diamonds was first crowned in 1954 with the discovery of a Kimberlite pipe near the Arctic Circle in Yakutia, among the western tributaries of the Lena ; and in our issue of February 1 last year we reported the development of this and other fields in the same region. More and more pipes have been found and these are described as extremely rich, fully capable of supplying all Russia's internal

needs and of enabling her soon to enter world markets. There are said to be over forty Kimberlite pipes (of varying richness) in the more northerly area of the field, which is Arctic and remote, but the "Mir" pipe and nearby alluvial deposits now have settlements, Mirnyi and Novyi, which are being connected by road to Mukhtuya, a Lena port about 155 miles away. During 1957 the Mirnyi mine produced three times more diamonds than planned.



AN invitation card for a small show of Chinese and Islamic pottery and porcelain at Bluett and Sons is a reminder that during and since the war we might almost have been living in the Gobi Desert, as far as dealers' exhibitions of Chinese art are concerned. Those whose memories do not go back twenty years and beyond will perhaps be surprised to learn that, in those distant days, it was the normal thing for at least three of the dealers to stage a special show twice a year at which their latest acquisitions (a great proportion of them from China itself) could be studied at leisure by anyone who cared to step in. One is still a welcome visitor, but as next to nothing now comes out of China, stocks are kept up with difficulty from collections already in the Western world; what is surprising, it seems to me, is that in spite of this restricted field, such admirable things are yet to be found, both from the later centuries—the seventeenth and eighteenth—which were the particular and almost the only marvels from the Far East in the eyes of our great-grandfathers, and also from those earlier years, reaching back to the dawn of history, which have been the special study of the twentieth century.

Indeed, looking back over my own lifetime, I am not sure that one of the greatest excitements of what can be called an expanding universe in



FIG. 2. A FINE CHINESE PORCELAIN BOWL; REIGN OF THE EMPEROR CHIA CH'ING, 1796-1820. (Diameter, 4½ ins.) (Messrs. Bluett and Sons.)

the widest sense of the term, embracing not just theories about physics but the history of civilisation, has been the revelation that, in spite of untold destruction, the Chinese contribution to the sum of beautiful things did not consist merely of ingenious curiosities but included major masterpieces, of which the noblest are paintings fit to be compared with anything in Europe. Perhaps I should add that if these regular trade exhibitions have not been possible, the public has been far better served than was once the case, by the modern display methods of the museums and by the as yet little known but marvellous Percival David Foundation in Bloomsbury. Herewith a few illustrations from this modest exhibition at Bluett's which seem to demand special comment.

I think most people who have begun to find their way among the varying styles of late porcelain would be tempted to place this beautifully-balanced little bowl of Fig. 2 during the early years of the eighteenth century. They might even expect to find the reign mark of the Emperor Yung Ch'eng (1722-1735) on its base, for the quality of the porcelain and of the enamel painting with its beautiful free drawing, and the apparently haphazard (though, of course, carefully studied) manner in which the branches of pomegranate tumble over the rim into the interior, have all the characteristics of the work of those wonderful few years, which many consider marked the apogee of the potter's achievement. Before, that is, some of them became so super-clever that they abandoned this elegant and extremely difficult simplicity and began to imitate all kinds of other materials, mistaking technical mastery for art. Luckily the best of them did not abandon the

tradition, as witness a multitude of noble plates and bowls during the next two generations in which are to be found similar fine drawings with a sensitive use of white space; the taste of the cultivated Chinese as opposed to the more ordinary product which was exported in such vast quantities.

But, in fact, this bowl bears the seal of the Emperor Chia Ch'ing, who reigned from 1796 to 1820. It was illuminating to compare it with a Ch'ien Lung (1736-1795) example of an identical design which had been borrowed for comparison.



FIG. 1. A SUNG DYNASTY (960-1279) STONEWARE BOTTLE WITH A BOLD FLORAL DECORATION. (Height, 7½ ins.) (Messrs. Bluett and Sons.)



FIG. 4. A CHINESE JAR OF THE SUNG DYNASTY, WITH A LUSTROUS GLAZE KNOWN AS TEMMOKU. (Height, 7 ins.) (Messrs. Bluett and Sons.)

I defy the keenest eye to detect any but the most minute differences in glaze or colour, with perhaps a slight alteration in tone here and there; and were it not for the later mark all of us could readily be forgiven for dating it at least half a century earlier. This would seem to show that neither skill nor fine taste disappeared so speedily as was once thought, that to judge a thing by its date, rather than by its quality, is not intelligent, and that nineteenth-century potters did not, in their reverence for the past, invariably imitate just the manner, but also the marks of their predecessors; in short, that some of them were honest, if not original craftsmen, with a proper pride in their skill. In any case, I recommend a close study of the two bowls as a pretty test of connoisseurship.

With Fig. 3 we are back nearer to the beginning of the ceramic industry, a dish with three short feet, blue border and, in the centre, a stylised floral pattern in blue and amber—a typical example of the coloured pottery of the T'ang Dynasty (618-960). This is the first type of decoration to be evolved in which clearly

defined patterns in different colours are used, and it is interesting to note how the result resembles the later cloisonné enamels.

The next two pieces are from the succeeding dynasty, the Sung (960-1279). The small bottle of Fig. 1, with its high shoulder, narrow neck and bold stylised flower design, is of the class known as Tz'u Chou ware, from kilns which have been working continuously from the sixth century until now and turning out a great multitude of useful wares from vases and plates to pillows—good, hard pottery pillows which are said to be so much more luxurious in hot weather than soft ones. Fig. 4—porcelaneous stoneware like the jar of Fig. 1—belongs to the same period, is most unusual on account of its rope-like handle, but apart from that fortuitous circumstance has other and more satisfying ceramic virtues—a noble shape and the deep lustrous black and light-brown glaze known to the West by its Japanese name of Temmoku. The Japanese, I am told, still prize this particular type of glaze in open bowls for their formal tea ceremonial, which itself derives from an obscure tea-tasting game fashionable during the Sung Dynasty; the ware itself is supposed to have been first brought to Japan by Buddhist missionaries from China at this time.

Among some later wares are some notable porcelain pieces from the Ming Dynasty, both

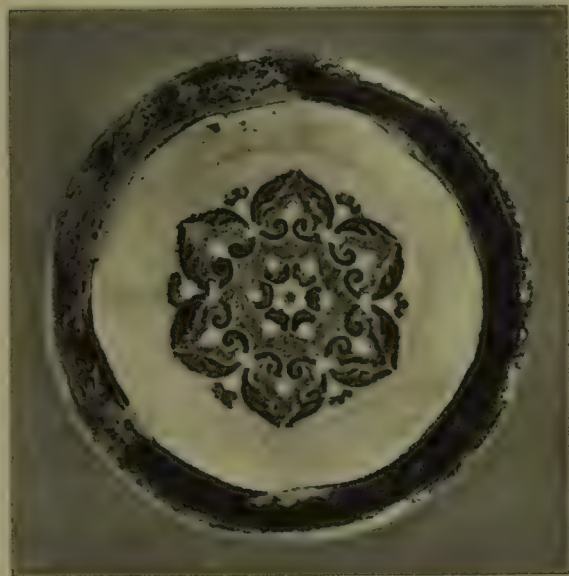


FIG. 3. A T'ANG DYNASTY (618-960) POTTERY DISH WITH A STYLISED FLORAL DESIGN. (Diameter 8½ ins.) (Messrs. Bluett and Sons.)

fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, including a small bowl covered with a red copper glaze (that known as "sacred red"), bearing the reign mark of the Emperor Hsuan Tê (1426-1435), but probably a sixteenth-century copy; a saucer dish enamelled with a green dragon on a white ground, and two similar dragons on the exterior amid incised formal waves, a flawless piece from the early sixteenth century; and a slightly later but no less spirited dragon bowl—magnificent sprawling creatures in green enamel "chasing the flaming pearl" among cloud scrolls.

While the main emphasis is on China, the visitor will find a few pieces of early Islamic pottery from the tenth to the thirteenth centuries which provide their own special enchantment, especially when they are covered with a turquoise or a deep blue glaze. These glazes must have been of singular beauty when the bowls first came from the kiln, and as the majority which have survived the frightful disasters which befell medieval Persia have been long years under the earth, they have frequently acquired an additional iridescence which makes them still more attractive to the majority of people.

In this little collection there is a particularly grand example which remains in my memory—a deep bowl with radial ribs in relief, the intervening panels carved with a pseudo-kufic script, and the whole covered with a wonderfully rich blue glaze; something which the Chinese, for all their age-old skill, never produced. And what a magnificent decoration, the kufic script!—so fine that even when copied by illiterate boneheads, and badly copied, it is still splendid.

EXHIBITED FOR THE FIRST TIME: A MAGNIFICENT  
COLLECTION OF WATER-COLOURS BY J. M. W. TURNER.



"LUCERNE, BY MOONLIGHT": PAINTED IN 1843, ONE OF THE SUPERB TURNER WATER-COLOURS WHICH IS PART OF THE R. W. LLOYD COLLECTION AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (11½ by 18½ ins.)

THE British Museum is placing on view, from February 4 until February 14, the greater part of the R. W. Lloyd Collection which was bequeathed to the nation last year. The outstanding part of the Lloyd Collection is undoubtedly the large number of water-colours by J. M. W. Turner, which cover the complete working span of the artist's life, from his "Munro"

[Continued below.]



"VAL D'AOSTA": A DRAMATIC ALPINE STUDY, c. 1825; ANOTHER TURNER WATER-COLOUR. (16 by 11½ ins.)



"WINCHELSEA": A MOST INTERESTING AND UNUSUAL WORK BY TURNER, c. 1828, FROM THE LLOYD COLLECTION ON VIEW IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM. (11½ by 16½ ins.)



"FLORENCE FROM NEAR SAN MINIATO": ANOTHER FINE PAINTING, c. 1825, FROM THE LLOYD COLLECTION WHICH SPANS TURNER'S ENTIRE WORKING CAREER. (11½ by 16½ ins.)



"TINTERN ABBEY: THE TRANSEPT": A WONDERFULLY EXECUTED ARCHITECTURAL STUDY, c. 1794. R. W. LLOYD'S COLLECTION OF TURNER WATER-COLOURS WAS BEQUEATHED TO THE NATION LAST YEAR. (13½ by 10 ins.)



"CASTLE OF CHILLON": ANOTHER FINE WATER-COLOUR, c. 1810. BY THE TERMS OF THE BEQUEST THESE OUTSTANDING PAINTINGS MAY BE SHOWN ONLY IN EARLY FEBRUARY. (11½ by 16½ ins.)

Continued.] period of the mid-1790's until the period of his late studies of Italy, particularly Venice, of the early 1840's. Included in the collection are a number of those elaborately-worked water-colours which Turner executed, most profitably, for engravers in the 1820's. Also on view in the Exhibition Gallery, Department of Prints and Drawings, is a selection from the remainder of the Lloyd Collection, which includes several outstanding English water-colours by de Wint, Cotman and Palmer, and a study in chalk by Daumier. In conformity with Mr. Lloyd's terms of bequest, and with the British Museum's regulations for preserving water-colours, this fine collection may be placed on exhibition only in early February.

I DO not know if my readers' hearts sink plummet-like, as mine does, when confronted with one of those books of cosmological philosophy which pass nowadays for wisdom. I suppose it was H. G. Wells who started this oppressive and arrogant habit, incorporating, through his own process of digestive acidosis, the destructive rather than the truly progressive thinking of the nineteenth-century scientists. There have arisen, one after another, a succession of such towers of Babel—ill-constructed, draughty, and sparsely furnished—into which the unhappy citizens of our bemused planet are invited, to pass an existence without guidance for the present or hope for the future, until they drift into threatened extinction. Such were my thoughts as, with many sighs, I picked up the 600-odd pages of Mr. Arthur Koestler's *THE SLEEPWALKERS*. But a remarkable surprise awaited me. Here is something which the ordinary man of common sense and good feeling has long awaited. Briefly, Mr. Koestler's thesis is that the whole of modern philosophy is vitiated by the split between science and religion, and that we shall not recover the right road until a synthesis has been re-established. He does not deal with specific religious dogmas, for the purpose either of acceptance or rejection. He merely notes, with regret, that when religion deliberately turns its back on science and retreats up its own backwater, it becomes ice-bound. But he has a great deal to say about *hubris* of scientists.

The bulk of his book is taken up with an account of the seventeenth-century cosmologists: Copernicus, Kepler, Tycho, Galileo and Newton. This is, I believe, the fullest account of Kepler's life and theories available in English. But I must pass all this over—however much I am tempted to describe his gentle but devastating destruction of the Galileo myth—merely noting that these men, like all other scientists, are for him "the sleepwalkers"; that the worst illusion of all is that science advances in an orderly progress, without hesitation or retreat. His thesis is admirably constructed. He approves the Pythagorean concept of harnessing science to the contemplation of the eternal, which entered, via Plato and Aristotle, "into the spirit of Christianity and became a decisive factor in the making of the Western world." It is a perverse mistake, he contends, to identify the religious need solely with intuition and emotion, science solely with the logical and the rational. "Theology and physics parted ways not in anger, but in sorrow, not because of Signor Galileo, but because they became bored with and had nothing more to say to each other." "The materialist philosophy," he writes elsewhere, "in which the average modern scientist is raised has retained its dogmatic power over his mind, though matter itself has evaporated" (my italics), and he comments: "A puppet of the Gods is a tragic figure, a puppet suspended on his chromosomes is merely grotesque." Again: "The basic novelty of our age is the combination of this sudden, unique increase in physical power, with an equally unprecedented spiritual ebb-tide." And so he proclaims the unitary source of the mystical and scientific modes of experience, and the disastrous results of their separation.

I have dwelt at length on Mr. Koestler's work because it seems to me to be incontestably true and incomparably well stated. If thereby I do less justice to other books this week, I hope the authors will forgive me. The one that pleased me most represents a complete contrast. It is *FIRESIDE FUSILIER*, by the Earl of Wicklow. Billy Clonmore, as all his many friends will agree, is a dear. (Who will ever see a more splendid sight than Billy—having left behind both his passport and his morning coat—attending the rededication of Rheims Cathedral between the wars dressed in the second-best evening "tails" of the 6-ft.-tall *Maitre d'Hôtel* of the Lion d'Or?) Short, stout, and amiable, he volunteered for Army service early in the last war, and his book is a short account of his experiences. Billy loves men and hates impersonal systems. He is happy and at home with privates and N.C.O.s; his severity is reserved for those officers who treat "other ranks" with aloofness or condescension. But, as one would expect of him, he never passes an adverse judgment without qualification. Another good war book is *THE TWENTIETH MAINE*, by John J. Pullen. This is first-class history, bringing the American Civil War to life by basing the narrative on the letters and diaries of those who actually took part in it.

I need not, I am sure, elaborate the expert authority of my colleague, Sir Charles Petrie, whose *THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT* has always seemed to me to be his best work. This is a new edition, thoroughly revised on a basis of new

## A LITERARY LOUNGER.

By E. D. O'BRIEN.

material, especially the letters and diaries of the Duke of Liria, later the second Duke of Berwick, which Sir Charles studied in Madrid. How difficult it is to write of the Jacobites with justice and with balance, as well as with loyal sentiment—and how well Sir Charles succeeds in producing assent and conviction in his readers!

### CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

FIFTEEN-YEAR-OLD BOBBY FISCHER WINS U.S. CHAMPIONSHIP AGAIN! WINS RESHEVSKY'S QUEEN IN TWELVE MOVES.

ROUND the world, the news has gone. Fischer ended with 8½ points from his eleven games; Reshevsky totalled 7½, losing only to Fischer. Here is the decisive game:

#### SICILIAN DEFENCE.

FISCHER White	RESHEVSKY Black	FISCHER White	RESHEVSKY Black
1. P-K4	P-QB4	6. B-K3	N-B3
2. N-KB3	N-QB3	7. B-QB4	Castles
3. P-Q4	P×P	8. B-N3	N-QR4?
4. N×P	P-KN3	9. P-K5	N-K1
5. N-QB3	B-N2		



10. B×Pch!

A brilliant move by any standards.

White is prepared to give up two pieces for the pleasure of luring Black's king into the open where he can be disposed of at leisure.

10. . . . . K×B

The alternatives are: to play 10. . . . R×B or 10. . . . K-R1, in answer to either of which White plays 11. N-K6 and wins Black's queen . . . or to resign!

11. N-K6 P×N

After 11. . . . K×N Black's king would be driven down the board by 12. Q-Q5ch, K-B4; 13. P-KN4ch, K×NP; 14. R-KN1ch and soon mated.

By now, I imagine assiduous readers (yes, both of them!) of these Notes may be muttering to themselves "Isn't there something familiar in all this?" Yes, there is!

The diagrammed position is identical with that reached in a little-known game played in Russia early in 1958, which we published in this column on July 19 last: Bastrikov versus Shamkovich.

There can be little doubt that young Fischer was familiar with this game, whereas Reshevsky was not; that Reshevsky could have avoided this latest humiliation at the hands of his young rival, had he only read *The Illustrated London News*.

Shamkovich resigned when Bastrikov played 10. B×Pch! Reshevsky battled stubbornly on for five hours, but the remaining moves are less like chess than the death-throes of a whale:

12. Q×Q, N-QB3; 13. Q-Q2, B×P; 14. Castles (K), N-Q3; 15. B-B4, N-B5; 16. Q-K2, B×B; 17. Q×N, K-N2; 18. N-K4, B-B2; 19. N-B5, R-B3; 20. P-QB3, P-K4; 21. QR-Q1, N-Q1; 22. N-Q7, R-B3; 23. Q-KR4, R-K3; 24. N-B5, R-KB3; 25. N-K4, R-B5; 26. Q×KPch, R-B2; 27. Q-R3, N-B3; 28. N-Q6, B×N; 29. R×B, B-B4; 30. P-QN4, KR-B1; 31. P-N5, N-Q1; 32. R-Q5, N-B2; 33. R-B5, P-QR3; 34. P-N6, B-K5; 35. R-K1, B-B3; 36. R×B, P×R; 37. P-N7, QR-N1; 38. Q×P, N-Q1; 39. R-N1, R-B2; 40. P-KR3, KR×NP; 41. R×R, R×R; 42. Q-R8.

Here the game was adjourned. Reshevsky, realising that there was no longer any hope now his opponent had the benefit of adjournment analysis, resigned without resumption. His poorly-co-ordinating rook and knight are going to be helpless in the face of a dogged advance of the QRP to the queening square.

Footnote: to avoid this catastrophe as Black, play 8. . . . P-Q3.

This is another long book, and you might well have supposed that I have not had time to read many novels this week. Not so, but far otherwise. It does not need Jane Austen to tell me that the novelists' productions "have afforded more extensive and unaffected pleasure than those of any other literary corporation in the world." Only two disappointed me. One, I am sorry to say, was Sir Compton Mackenzie's *THE LUNATIC REPUBLIC*—and that only because it falls a trifle short of his own very high standard of satire. Nevertheless, his horrid little 'blue men, living their loathsome regimented existence on the other side of the moon, are well worth meeting,

if only as an awful warning. The other was *DRAGOMAN PASS*, by Eric Williams. The author of "The Wooden Horse" has used a journey taken by his wife and himself to the Iron Curtain countries as the basis for a spy-escape story in the modern manner. The atmosphere is much better than the rather conventional plot.

But I must pay tribute to Alexander Cordell, author of *RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY*, for triumphantly overcoming some of my most cherished prejudices. I do not like novels in Welsh idiom—the "whateffer" gimmick—and I am oppressed by the wicked iron-masters and the splendid, suffering workmen of the 1830's. In spite of all the Unions, Chartists, and what-not, Mr. Cordell has written a real novel, about people who are human, likable, and often absurd—not a dreary political treatise. As to Mr. Frank Swinnerton, whose "The Woman From Sicily" I unfortunately missed, I can only say that here is a distinguished literary critic and historian who is again proving himself a novelist of the first order. His *A TIGRESS IN PROTERO* tells the story of Mary Grace, mother of an ordinary provincial family in an East Anglian country town, who loves, defends and tactfully guides her husband and children through a series of well-contrived imbrolios. No character, least of all the three unpleasant women who create their various kinds of havoc, is anything but wholly credible. True, I felt a strong desire to kick the husband, Jerome Grace, but Mr. Swinnerton arranged for him to have a stroke just when the itch was at its strongest!

A thriller by Sarah Gainham, *THE STONE ROSES*, is on much the same lines as Mr. Williams's, but the author has taken much more trouble with her own story. There are slinky spies, revolver shots, torture, and much blood, all to be found in Prague three months after the Communist coup. Though I am not unduly grippable, it gripped me. I also enjoyed *MY CARAVAGGIO STYLE*, by Doris Langley Moore. An engaging young literary rogue decides to forge a copy of Byron's *Memoirs*. His fiancée, his aunt, and an American dealer all play satisfactory parts in this ingenious involvement.

In my experience—which, in this field, is fairly wide—journalists who write "colour-pieces" tend to roam mournfully about seeking quotations which neither they themselves nor their principal rivals have used twenty times already. In future I shall recommend them to buy *THE BOOK OF UNUSUAL QUOTATIONS*, by Rudolf Flesch. This will ease their hard lot, and add greatly to my (and your) enjoyment of their work.

Botanists, and those who love beautiful flower illustrations, should not miss *THE RHODODENDRON*, by Carlos von Reifel. In compiling this book, the primary object of the editor, Mrs. Beryl Urquhart, has been, she says, "as in my recent publication 'The Camellia,' to present a collection of fine flower portraits which not only record their subjects with exactness, but which also can be valued for their aesthetic quality. At the same time I wish that the rhododendrons illustrated in each volume should demonstrate the great variety of form and colour which is found within the genus." The rhododendrons shown are all species, mostly Himalayan and Oriental, and the excellent portraits by Baron Carlos von Reifel are splendidly three-dimensional. As handsome an art volume as ever I saw.

### BOOKS REVIEWED.

- THE SLEEPWALKERS*, by Arthur Koestler. (Hutchinson; 25s.)  
*FIRESIDE FUSILIER*, by the Earl of Wicklow. (Hollis and Carter; 15s.)  
*THE TWENTIETH MAINE*, by John J. Pullen. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 30s.)  
*THE JACOBITE MOVEMENT*, by Sir Charles Petrie. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 35s.)  
*THE LUNATIC REPUBLIC*, by Sir Compton Mackenzie. (Chatto and Windus; 15s.)  
*DRAGOMAN PASS*, by Eric Williams. (Collins; 15s.)  
*RAPE OF THE FAIR COUNTRY*, by Alexander Cordell. (Gollancz; 16s.)  
*A TIGRESS IN PROTERO*, by Frank Swinnerton. (Hutchinson; 15s.)  
*THE STONE ROSES*, by Sarah Gainham. (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 13s. 6d.)  
*MY CARAVAGGIO STYLE*, by Doris Langley Moore. (Cassell; 15s.)  
*THE BOOK OF UNUSUAL QUOTATIONS*, by Rudolf Flesch. (Cassell; 25s.)  
*THE RHODODENDRON*, edited by Beryl Leslie Urquhart, with 18 reproductions from paintings by Carlos Riefel. (The Leslie Urquhart Press: distributed by Andre Deutsch; £5 5s.)



"ST. GEORGE AND THE DRAGON," BY PAOLO UCCELLO (c. 1397-1475): AN OUTSTANDING PAINTING WHICH HAS JUST BEEN PURCHASED BY THE NATIONAL GALLERY FROM THE LANCKORONSKI COLLECTION. (Oil and tempera on canvas: 23 by 30 ins.)

## TWO OUTSTANDING ACQUISITIONS FOR THE NATIONAL GALLERY: A UCCELLO AND A JORDAENS.

THE National Gallery, London, has announced two outstanding new acquisitions: "St. George and the Dragon," by the Florentine painter Paolo Uccello (c. 1397-1475), and "Portrait of a Man and a Woman," by the Flemish artist Jacob Jordaens (1593-1678). These two canvases are now being cleaned and framed, and will probably be placed on exhibition within three months. (The photographs on this page were taken before cleaning.) The Uccello painting, costing £125,000, has remained virtually unseen since 1939, and even before that it had been seen by only a few. Some time before 1895 this picture was acquired by the Count Lanckoronski, probably in Italy, at a time when he was building his palace in Vienna as a home for his art collection. It remained there until shortly before the palace was gutted in 1945. At a critical moment it was evacuated and stored in the vaults of a bank, where it has remained ever since. Some art historians, including Berenson, have doubted that it is genuinely the work of Uccello, but since 1898 it has been accepted as such by the majority of scholars. This acquisition now completes an interesting trio of paintings by Uccello in English galleries. In addition to this one, the National Gallery possesses the more famous "Battle of San Romano," while one of the most beautiful of his works, "A Hunt," hangs in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. "Portrait of a Man and a Woman," by Jordaens, valued at £40,000, has been seen more frequently. Since the Second World War it has been shown at Thos. Agnew and Sons as part of the Devonshire Collection. It has been in the possession of the Dukes of Devonshire since 1767, and was probably a part of their collection at Devonshire House, London. Earlier this century it was moved to Carlton House Gardens, where it remained until the last war. Since the war it has not been one of the paintings on view to the public at Chatsworth House. This double portrait, in which the identity of the sitters is unknown, is an important addition to the National Gallery's collection of seventeenth-century Flemish paintings. The gallery hitherto possessed many works by Rubens and Teniers, but no important work by Jordaens.



(Right.) "PORTRAIT OF A MAN AND A WOMAN," BY JACOB JORDAENS (1593-1678): AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF JORDAENS' PORTRAITURE WHICH HAS BEEN ACQUIRED FROM THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE. (Oil on canvas: 84 by 74 ins.)

## SOME PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



CREATED A LIFE PEER :  
SIR EDWIN PLOWDEN.

Sir Edwin Plowden, who is 52, has been Chairman of the Atomic Energy Authority since 1954, before which he had a distinguished career in the Civil Service, holding important posts in the Ministries of Economic Warfare and Aircraft Production. He was also Vice-Chairman of the Temporary Council Committee of N.A.T.O., 1951-52.



CREATED A LIFE PEER :  
SIR ERIC JAMES.

Sir Eric James has been High Master of the Manchester Grammar School since 1945. Before this he was an assistant master at Winchester College. He is a member of the University Grants Committee, and was Chairman of the Headmasters' Conference. He is 49, and has contributed to a number of educational and scientific journals.



A NOTABLE FIGURE IN THE CHURCH TO RETIRE :  
DR. DON, THE DEAN OF WESTMINSTER.  
The Very Rev. Alan Campbell Don has been the Dean of Westminster since 1946. During his term of office he launched the £1 million appeal to save Westminster Abbey, which passed its target within two years.

## PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



CREATED A LIFE PEER :  
PROFESSOR LIONEL ROBBINS.

Before becoming Professor of Economics in the University of London in 1929, Professor Robbins was a lecturer at New College, Oxford, and at the London School of Economics. He is also Chairman of the Board of Trustees at the National Gallery, and a Trustee of the Tate Gallery. His publications on economics are numerous. He is 60.



CREATED A LIFE PEER :  
SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS.

Sir Hartley Shawcross, who is 56, was Attorney-General from 1945 to 1951, during which time he won a world-wide reputation at the Nuremberg trial, and as a principal delegate to the United Nations. His interest in politics has lessened recently, and in 1957 he gave up his seat in the House of Commons, which he had held since 1945.



THE NEW PORTUGUESE AMBASSADOR, GENERAL ADOLFO PINTO, WITH HIS WIFE AND DAUGHTER AT THEIR HOME IN BELGRAVE SQUARE.

The new Portuguese Ambassador in London is General Adolfo Abranches Pinto, who is 64. He is seen here with his wife and his 26-year-old daughter, Maria. General Pinto was previously Ambassador to South Africa for four years.



THE MONTE CARLO RALLY WON BY FRANCE : THE DRIVERS OF THE WINNING CITROËN SHAKE HANDS OVER THE BONNET OF THEIR CAR AFTER THEIR VICTORY.

A French Citroën car has won the 1959 Monte Carlo Rally. Seen here are the French drivers of the winning car, MM. Paul Coltelloni and P. Alexandre, with their passenger, M. Claude Derosiers, congratulating each other on their victory. The Coupe des Dames was won by Miss Pat Moss, sister of Mr. Stirling Moss, and Miss Ann Wisdom, in an Austin. They came twenty-first in the general classification.



THE NEW SOUTH AFRICAN HIGH COMMISSIONER IN LONDON, DR. VAN RHIJN, WITH HIS WIFE, AS THEY ARRIVED AT WATERLOO STATION.

The new South African High Commissioner in London, Dr. A. J. van Rijn, is a great friend of Dr. Malan, whom he resembles in looks. He is a forceful speaker and will champion his country's native policy. He is a fervent Afrikaner.



EUROPE'S LONGEST REIGNING MONARCH : RULER OF LUXEMBOURG.  
The Grand Duchess Charlotte of Luxembourg celebrated the fortieth anniversary of her reign on Jan. 15, and her sixty-third birthday on Jan. 23. Since the death of King Haakon of Norway she has been the longest reigning ruler in Europe. One of her six children, Prince Jean, served in the Irish Guards during the last war, when the Duchess was herself in England.



NEW CLERK OF PARLIAMENTS :  
MR. VICTOR GOODMAN.

Mr. Victor Goodman has been sworn-in as the new Clerk of the Parliaments in succession to Sir Francis Lascelles. He has been Clerk-Assistant since 1953. Mr. Goodman was educated at Eton College, and served with the Coldstream Guards during the First World War. In 1920 he became Clerk in office of the Clerk of the Parliaments.



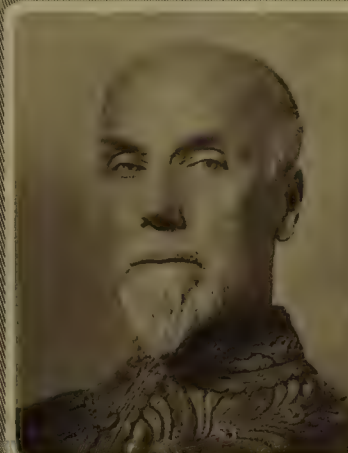
GEOGRAPHICAL MEDAL FOR AMERICAN NAUTILUS CAPTAIN.

H.M. the Queen has approved the award of the Royal Geographical Society's patron's medal to the captain of the U.S. submarine *Nautilus*, Commander W. R. Anderson. He commanded *Nautilus* on its spectacular pioneer voyage under the North Pole last year. The Society stressed the "remarkable feat of navigation" in difficult "magnetic conditions near the North Pole.



A FAMOUS HOLLYWOOD FIGURE :  
THE LATE MR. DE MILLE.

Cecil Blount de Mille, who died aged 77 on Jan. 22, came from a New York family of Dutch origin, his father being a noted popular dramatist. After experience as actor and playwright, he went into the budding film industry, setting up Hollywood's first studio. His many films were notable for vivid spectacle and also for their religious themes.



NORFOLK HERALD EXTRAORDINARY : THE LATE MR. H. S. LONDON.

Mr. H. S. London, Norfolk Herald Extraordinary since 1953, died on Jan. 20. After his retirement from the Consular Service he became an authority on heraldry, was a member of the Commission on English Historical Monuments and was largely responsible for the ten Queen's Beasts erected at Westminster Abbey for the Queen's Coronation.

PRINCE PHILIP IN INDIA: GARLANDS, AN HONORARY DEGREE AND A WARM WELCOME.



IN DELHI THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HOLDS A BOUQUET OF ROSES AND LAUGHS WITH MR. NEHRU AND THE VICE-CHANCELLOR OF DELHI UNIVERSITY.



DR. RADHAKRISHNAN, VICE-PRESIDENT OF INDIA AND CHANCELLOR OF DELHI UNIVERSITY, CONFERS ON PRINCE PHILIP THE DEGREE OF DOCTOR OF SCIENCE.



SCHOOLCHILDREN GARLAND THE DUKE WITH MARIGOLDS ON HIS ARRIVAL AT NEW DELHI. HIS AIRCRAFT WAS LATE THROUGH FOG.



IN THE ROBES OF CHANCELLOR OF EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY, PRINCE PHILIP WALKS WITH MR. NEHRU TO THE SCIENCE CONGRESS.



DURING HIS VISIT TO JAIPUR, THE DUKE WATCHES THE SPLENDIDLY ATTIRED ELEPHANTS THAT GUARD THE GATEWAYS TO THE "PINK CITY OF INDIA" ON JANUARY 23.



THE DUKE REMOVES HIS SHOES BEFORE APPROACHING THE MEMORIAL SHRINE TO MAHATMA GANDHI IN NEW DELHI, WHERE HE LAID A WREATH.

H.R.H. the Duke of Edinburgh has been receiving a great welcome in India on the first part of his world tour. Arriving in New Delhi on January 21, he was welcomed by the Prime Minister of India, Mr. Nehru. Apologising for being late, he said: "The last thing I expected was fog in Delhi." Children garlanded him with marigolds, and he then drove in an open car to Delhi University for the inaugural meeting of the forty-sixth Indian Science Congress.

On the following day he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Science; the citation described him as a "steadfast and sincere friend of India." The Duke of Edinburgh is the first member of the Royal family to be honoured by an Indian University since 1947. On January 23 he visited Jaipur, the "Pink City" or "City of Peacocks," where he was driven through the town by the Maharaja. Later he flew to Agra and saw the Taj Mahal by moonlight.

## FROM HARLOW NEW TOWN TO THE MONTE CARLO RALLY: A MISCELLANY.



IN HARLOW NEW TOWN, ESSEX: ST. PAUL'S CHURCH, OF CONTEMPORARY DESIGN, WHICH IS NOW TO BE CONSECRATED DURING THE SPRING.



IN THE EMBANKMENT GARDENS, LONDON: MEMBERS OF THE BURNS CLUB OF LONDON PAYING A BICENTENARY TRIBUTE AT THE POET'S STATUE.

Celebrations in Scotland, London, Moscow and many other parts of the world were held to commemorate the bicentenary of Robert Burns' birth on January 25. In London a wreath was placed at the statue in Embankment Gardens and before the bust in Westminster Abbey.

St. Paul's Church, Harlow, is now to be consecrated next April, the consecration by the Bishop of Chelmsford, arranged for January 25, having been postponed. The spire of this contemporary church—one of several of similar design in the new towns—is of pre-cast concrete, and to the right can be seen the detached belfry. The tower stands nearly 100 feet in height.

(Right.) SAFE AND SOUND IN PORTSMOUTH AFTER DEVELOPING ENGINE TROUBLE OFF USHANT: THE BRITISH SUBMARINE *TIRELESS*.

The submarine *Tireless* returned safely to Portsmouth on January 23 after developing engine trouble during exercises off Ushant two days previously. The defect occurred while a Force 9 gale was blowing, and on the return journey speed had to be reduced to 3 knots. Her sister-submarine *Talent* and the cruiser *Birmingham* were exercising with *Tireless*.

(Below.) THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S FLIGHT TO INDIA: A VIEW OF THE LUXURIOUS INTERIOR FURNISHINGS OF THE B.O.A.C. *COMET 4*.

With his flight to Canada last October, the Duke of Edinburgh became the first member of the Royal Family to fly in the *Comet 4*. His flight to India on January 20 was also made in a *Comet 4*, and in this photograph can be seen some of the luxurious seating provided for the *Comet 4* fleet by the Microcell company.



A PRE-RALLY PHOTOGRAPH OF MISS PAT MOSS (RIGHT) AND MISS ANN WISDOM, WINNERS OF THE MONTE CARLO WOMEN'S TROPHY, WITH THEIR AUSTIN A40. Miss Pat Moss and Miss Ann Wisdom, driving an Austin A40, won the coveted Ladies' Cup in the Monte Carlo Rally. Their win and that of the Jaguar team gave Britain two successes in a rally in which France took most of the honours.

# A ROYAL PORTRAIT, AND ROYAL GIFTS TO AID WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL; A GAS TURBINE FREIGHTER.



A LOUIS XV BLACK LACQUER ORMOLU MOUNTED TOILET TABLE, A GIFT FOR SALE AT CHRISTIE'S BY COLONEL AND MRS. JERVOISE SCOTT. THE SALE WILL HELP RAISE £20,000 FOR WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL.



THE FIRST OCEAN-GOING SHIP TO BE FITTED WITH AN EXHAUST GAS TURBINE: THE 9250-TON FREIGHTER MORAR UNDERGOING TRIALS ON THE CLYDE. SHE IS DESIGNED FOR A SERVICE SPEED OF 11 KNOTS.

Although exhaust gas turbine machinery was invented more than twenty years ago, the shipping industry for years took no interest in it. Now the 9250-ton ore freighter *Morar* has been fitted out with this machinery, and becomes the first ocean-going ship to be driven in this way. Its chief advantages lie in its simplicity and decreased weight. Trials are being conducted on the Clyde. Machinery is by Rankin and Blackmore, Greenock.



A GEORGE IV CRUET WHICH HAS BEEN PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN MOTHER AS A GIFT IN AID OF THE PRESERVATION OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. THE FUND HOPES TO REACH £20,000.



A GEORGE III SILVER DESSERT BASKET PRESENTED BY THE QUEEN IN AID OF WINCHESTER CATHEDRAL. A SALE OF GIFTS TAKES PLACE ON APRIL 21 AND 22 AT CHRISTIE'S. A sale of gifts privately donated in aid of Winchester Cathedral will take place at Christie's on April 21 and 22. In response to the appeal valuable gifts have been presented by the Queen, the Queen Mother and the Duchess of Kent. Donations are being sent to E. A. Cooper, General Secretary of the Friends of Winchester Cathedral, 9, The Close, Winchester.



H.M. QUEEN ELIZABETH II, A PORTRAIT OF HER MAJESTY IN GARTER ROBES BY EDWARD I. HALLIDAY, R.P., P.R.B.A., COMMISSIONED BY THE R.A.F. OFFICERS AT HENLOW.

Mr. Edward Halliday has now completed the two commissions given to him by the officers of the R.A.F. station, Henlow, Bedfordshire. Our issue of November 29, 1958, showed his portrait of the Duke of Edinburgh, and he has now completed this one of the Queen. The two paintings were unveiled in the Officers' Mess on January 22, in the presence of the artist.

## CHANGES IN "MY FAIR LADY": NEW ELIZAS FOR DRURY LANE, BROADWAY AND MELBOURNE.



NEWYORK'S NEWELIZA EN GRANDE TOILETTE: MISS PAMELA CHARLES, WHO IS TO TAKE OVER THE ROLE ON BROADWAY ON FEBRUARY 2—DURING A COSTUME FITTING.



STUDYING THE LINES OF AN EXACTING BUT MOST REWARDING PART: MISS PAMELA CHARLES IN COSTER COSTUME FOR "MY FAIR LADY."



TO BE FOURTH OF THE "MY FAIR LADIES" ON BROADWAY: MISS PAMELA CHARLES. THE BROADWAY PRODUCTION RECENTLY PASSED ALL RECORDS BY GROSSING 10,000,000 DOLLARS.



ELIZA DOOLITTLE IN MELBOURNE: MISS BUNTY TURNER, AN IRISH GIRL WHO IS PLAYING ELIZA IN THE AUSTRALIAN PRODUCTION OF "MY FAIR LADY."

"MY FAIR LADY," which wherever it opens soon changes from a success to an institution, has now broken all box-office records on Broadway, with gross receipts of 10,000,000 dollars reached during the first week of January. "Oklahoma!" and "South Pacific" are runners-up there with takings of about 7,000,000 and 9,000,000 dollars respectively, though at lower prices. The Broadway production is to have its fourth Eliza on Feb. 2, British-born Miss Pamela Charles; and the Drury Lane successor to Miss Julie Andrews in the autumn has been named as Miss Anne Rogers, who has played the rôle in various cities in the States and who had previously attained star-status in another long-running musical, "The Boy Friend." The Melbourne production opened this month with Miss Bunty Turner as Eliza Doolittle.



TO TAKE OVER FROM MISS JULIE ANDREWS IN AUTUMN: MISS ANNE ROGERS, WHO IS TO PLAY ELIZA DOOLITTLE AT DRURY LANE LATER THIS YEAR.

## GOLD OF TARSHISH? A TREASURE OF PREHISTORIC GOLDWORK, FOUND NEAR SEVILLE.

By PROFESSOR JUAN DE M. CARRIAZO, of the University of Seville and Zonal Delegate of the Spanish National Archaeological Excavations Service.

ON September 30 last, workmen, while engaged on work on the premises of the Royal Pigeon Shooting Society (Fig. 2), on El Carambolo hill (Fig. 1), near Seville, found a collection of golden ornaments of which the Committee of the Society hastened to inform the archaeological authorities, offering every possible facility for excavation. The first phase of these excavations is now finished, and it is with great pleasure that I am able to announce excellent results. Primarily the



FIG. 2. DURING THE EXCAVATION OF THE SITE. THE FIND WAS MADE BY ACCIDENT, WHEN A SMALL GARDEN WAS BEING MADE, DURING ENLARGEMENT OF THE PREMISES OF THE ROYAL PIGEON SHOOTING SOCIETY.

object of interest was glazed pottery, constituting the revelation of a prehistoric culture, hitherto unknown. It is impossible, however sceptic one may be, to ignore the relationship between this find and the Tartessians, well known in literary sources, but about whom nothing definite has emerged till now. It is known that Tartessos is the name of a river (the Guadalquivir); of a kingdom, at one time centred in the lower basin of the river; and of a city, capital of this kingdom. The Tartessians were a people rich in agricultural assets with, above all, abundant mineral resources (gold, silver, copper, tin). They were organised in a kingdom which was the first major political entity of Western Europe. It can be identified with the Tarshish of the Bible and the Tartessos of the Greeks: for trading purposes the Phœnicians founded Gades (now Cádiz) in about 1100 B.C. We know of the Tartessians from many literary sources, principally from voyages round the Marseilles coast, described in "Ora Maritima" by Rufius Festus Avienus. We know the names of its kings, the most famous of which was Argantonios, who lived 120 years and reigned over Tartessos for eighty years, dying about 550 B.C. Nothing, however, is known of the Tartessian culture. The immense importance of these jewels and painted pottery, concerning which I can now offer the first news, is accompanied by some hypotheses regarding the work.

The treasure comprises in all twenty-one items of 24-carat gold, with a total weight of 2950 grams (94.843 ozs. Troy). They form a set: (a) A necklace, with seven pendants (an eighth is missing), in the form of signet rings, with a decoration of fillets, and small nodules, soldered to the surface (Fig. 4); (b) two cylindrical bracelets (Figs. 8 and 11), of about 10 cms. high by 12 cms. diameter, with a respective weight of 550 and 525 grams; (c) two breastplates in the shape of a turtle or double swallow-tail (Figs. 5 and 6), which have insets of tin and other metals, valued in those times; suspended by rings (similar to those on the pendants of the necklace) soldered to one of the smaller sides; (d) lastly, sixteen rectangular plaques, forming two series of different decoration and size (Figs. 7, 9, 10). All the items have their exterior surfaces decorated with rows of



FIG. 1. WHERE THE GOLD TREASURE WAS FOUND: THE HILL OF EL CARAMBOLO. THE WHITE TOWER IN THE CENTRE IS THE PREMISES OF THE ROYAL PIGEON SHOOTING SOCIETY OF SEVILLE, IN WHOSE GROUNDS THE FIND WAS MADE.

hemispheres, either smooth or with sunken poles; die-pressed rosettes with eleven petals mounted in capsules, and, as boundaries, smaller fillets, indented or raised. Each item is formed of two strips, soldered peripherally, the inner side smooth or plainly scored, the exterior with protuberant and sunken zones, making a contrast in the decoration. Nothing is embossed, engraved, enamelled or encrusted with jewels. The collection presents a complete coherence of ability and style, revealing a unity of workmanship which proves it to be native work; at the same time magnificent, delicate and barbarous.

The first impression of this treasure is of its magnificence, both for the quantity of precious metal and for the profuse decoration which covers all the exterior surfaces. It is evident that there is great technical ability in each of the exhibits and their artistic mounting; but the eye tires of the monotony of repetitive decoration and barbaric splendour. There is too much work and too much ostentatious gold. A notable feature of this treasure is its unique style. Despite the uniformity of material and the complete identity of workmanship, there exists an overall form: the same double strip, smooth on the inside, the outside encrusted with ornament. These are not embossed, as one might imagine without seeing the collection, but rather the hemispheres, rosettes in capsules, sunken pans and the indented and smooth fillets are die-pressed and superimposed. Without any doubt, these articles had the same impulse, the same workmanship and are of the same age.

The only single piece, the necklace (Fig. 4), appears at first sight to belong to a different style, but comparing it with the smaller breastplate, one can see the similarity of the work (Fig. 5), the only difference being in their shape and function.

Another important feature of the Carambolo jewels is the absence of any emblematic element. In view of the number of items and decorated surfaces this lack of natural or animal themes, this exclusive adherence to geometry, can not be merely accidental. We can only infer that there is more than a lack of artistic ability to draw living forms, but rather a determination, based on profound reasons for avoiding them.

We have now given all the facts about this treasure.

What remains is conjecture, as to the use and method of wearing the ornaments. The necklace, judging by the length of its chain, must have been worn hanging from the neck, although its counterparts, in the jewels of Phœnicia and Ancient Greece, and the mouldings of Iberia, are ear-rings and pendants. The two tubular pieces must be bracelets of the upper arm and not the forearm.

As regards the breastplates, they have been classified as such from their means of suspension, soldered to one of the smaller sides, which, in one of the two specimens, has remained intact (and is somewhat similar to the rings of the necklace pendants), and in the other specimen has almost disappeared, though still visible. The known pieces of similar outline are markedly the same as the pendant rings, although of different size and material.

The sixteen plaques, nicknamed "biscuits" by the workmen, show by the perforations on their lesser axes that they were probably worn threaded together, on belts or crowns; of which there are many examples elsewhere.

Provisionally, I suggest that these ornaments could all have been worn by one single person,

probably male. He would have worn the necklace in the centre of his chest, flanked on either side by the breastplates, which might also be supported by some sort of thong, passing round the neck. The two bracelets would be worn on the arms, whilst the two sets of plaques could be mounted on the belt and the crown respectively, as in certain Phœnician examples. Possibly this opinion may not be generally accepted, and I advance it to provoke discussion. I suggest that such Baroque profuseness is in keeping with the essential flamboyance of these ornaments.

Now let us deal with the archaeological dating and classification. This is a long and difficult task, because of the new vistas opened by the collection, but I hasten to put the information before those who may be in a position to form an opinion: hence I give you all available details of the excavation. I have not so far acknowledged the enthusiastic work of my colleague, Don Francisco Collantes de Terán, the Provincial Delegate of Excavations, assisted by Señorita Fernandez-Chicarro, of the Seville Archaeological Museum, and Señor González Nandin, the expert photographer.

The hill called El Carambolo is the nearest to Seville (two miles west of Triana), of a series of ridges formed by erosion from the plateau of Aljarafe. It has an altitude of 292 ft. above sea-level (the same as that of the highest point of the Giralda). It commands a view of the valley of the Guadalquivir, some 200 ft. below. At its foot lies the village of La Pañoleta, where the Huelva and Mérida roads meet. The top of the hill was purchased by the Royal Seville Pigeon Shooting Society, who erected the first of their buildings in 1940. It was expanded in 1956, and now is being again enlarged for an international competition, which it is planned to hold in the spring



FIG. 3. PROFESSOR CARRIAZO, THE AUTHOR OF THE ARTICLE ON THIS PAGE, SHOWING THE TWENTY-ONE PIECES OF GOLD TO THE MUNICIPAL AND ACADEMIC AUTHORITIES OF SEVILLE—IN THE CITY HALL.

of 1959. It was during the construction of a small garden, by the side of the establishment, that the discoveries were made (Figs. 1 and 2).

The first item to be found, just below the surface, was one of the bracelets, then nearby, but a little deeper, the remainder of the collection, in a clay vessel. We sought official recognition two days later and immediately undertook the excavation of the site, greatly assisted by the good offices of the Royal Society. Seldom is there an opportunity for immediate scientific excavation of a discovery, but, within a few hours, my colleagues and I were on the site. We worked with the greatest determination for twenty days until we had explored the entire area. Needless to say, we made a very thorough planimetric and stratigraphic survey, supported by photography. We established test mounds, sifted all the earth, and collected all material for the Seville Archaeological Museum. We then spent a long time in cleaning, classifying and endeavouring to reconstitute thousands of fragments of pottery (there were no complete vessels) and in a thorough study of the entire collection. We can now form a few interesting conclusions.

[Continued overleaf.]

A TREASURE OF PREHISTORIC SPANISH  
GOLD, MOST PROBABLY TARTESSIAN,  
FOUND BY ACCIDENT NEAR SEVILLE.



FIG. 4. THE FINEST PIECE OF THE EL CARAMBOLO TREASURE: THE NECKLACE WITH THE SEVEN PENDENT SIGNETS. (8.04 OZS. TROY—260 GRAMS.)



FIG. 8. ONE OF THE TWO TRULY MASSIVE UPPER-ARM BRACELETS OF GOLD, WITH A JOINT WEIGHT OF 34.5 OZS. TROY, OR 1075 GRAMS. SEE FIG. 11.

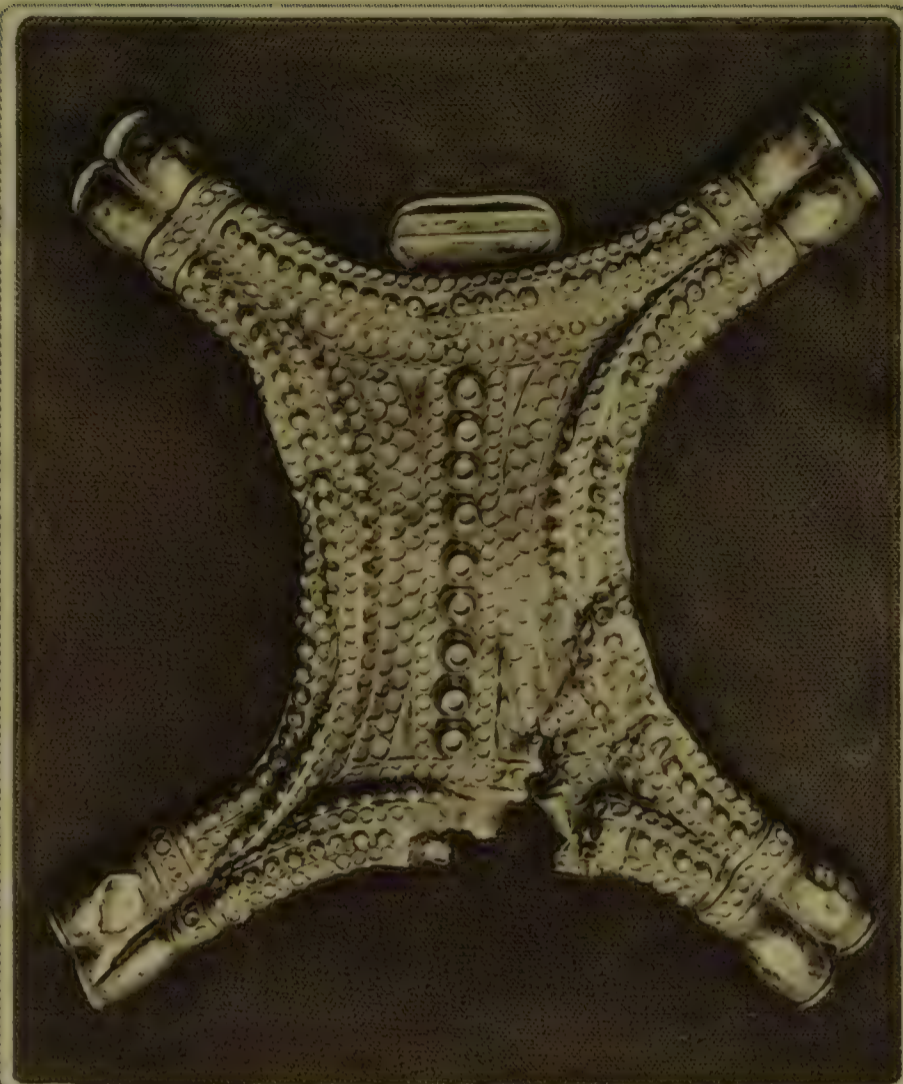


FIG. 5. THE SMALLER OF THE TWO BREASTPLATES (6.43 OZS. TROY—200 GRAMS). THOUGH DAMAGED THIS RETAINS ITS SUSPENSION LOOP.

[Continued.]

The treasure was discovered on the foundation of a dwelling, above a layer of up to 2½ ft. of ashes and lumps of clay with impressions of bark and wood. At all levels there were many animal bones, now being studied, but none appears to be human. Quantities of pottery were found, broken by age, and almost nothing else, except for two peduncular arrow heads, of copper or bronze, of the type previously found in the tomb named *Cueva de la Pastora* about 2 miles, as the crow flies, from the present site. Other small fragments of the same metal heavily oxidised; a small amorphous mass of apparent iron; a small baked clay ladle of the Neolithic type and some fragments of ostrich eggs. The pottery, which has crumbled with age so that no vessel has remained intact, is impossible to reassemble, and is of many different kinds. A coarse, plain hand-made type of pottery predominates; this remains unidentifiable as we have been unable to reconstruct the vessels. In the upper layers there are fragments of pottery of light-coloured clay, which could be modern. The most definite sorts are of two types, the first of known varieties, which can be compared to the "Argarico," Punic and Celtic, the second is unknown in Andalucia. There are some smaller vessels of grey or black clay, elegantly shaped, which might be Oriental; others, larger, with long cylindrical necks, [Continued above, right.

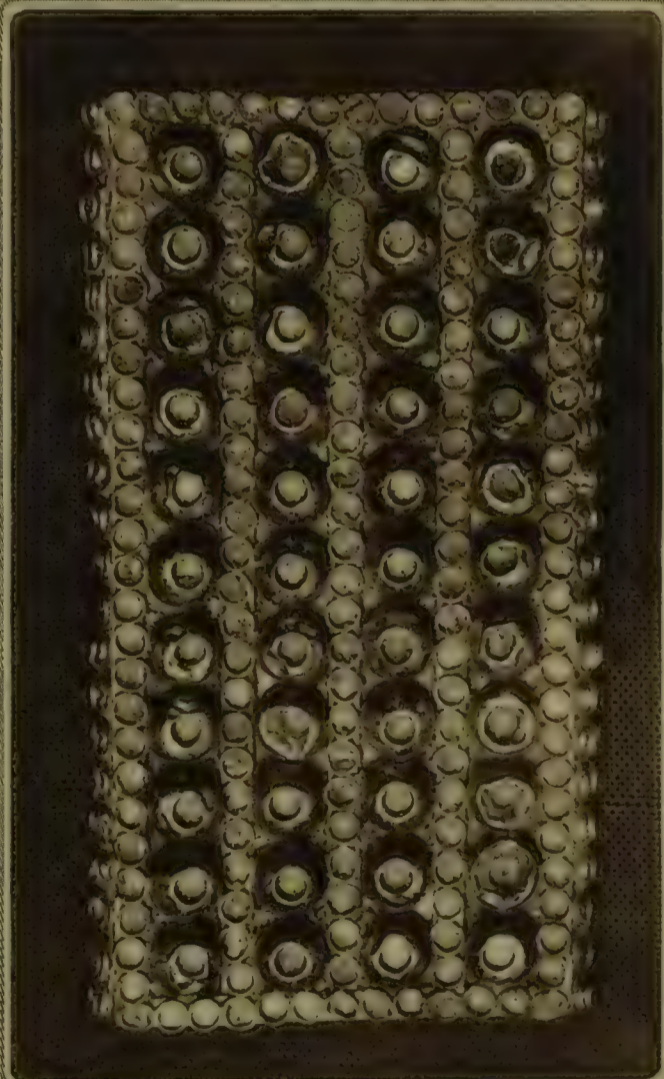


FIG. 9. ONE OF EIGHT GOLD PLAQUES OF SIMILAR DESIGN, WITH ALTERNATING PANS AND RECESSED HEMISPHERES. (3½ BY 2 INS.—9 BY 5 cm.)



FIG. 6. THE LARGER OF THE TWO BREASTPLATES—DIAGONAL (7½ INS.—19 cm.). THE DESIGN HERE RESEMBLES THE BRACELETS, BUT FIG. 5 RESEMBLES THE PENDENT SEALS.



FIG. 10. ONE OF FOUR LARGE PLAQUES OF 24-CARAT GOLD, WITH A REGULAR PATTERN OF HEMISPHERES, ROSETTES AND FILLETS, IDENTICAL WITH THE BRACELETS. (4½ BY 2½ INS.—11 BY 6 cm.)

geometric designs, very much in agreement with the local Neolithic traditions. Their common date would be about the end of the seventh century, or first half of the sixth, and would be contemporary with Argantonios. It is still premature to set out definite conclusions. We hope that other sites which we are about to excavate, and new chance discoveries will clarify completely the mystery of the Tartessians. Meanwhile, the jewels of El Carambolo, valuable for themselves, certainly merit publicity. We would very much welcome any comments from specialist readers.

*Continued.* painted in red-ochre, or with circular handles, of Carthaginian type. The most interesting varieties have exterior glaze, and an exclusively interior decoration of slanting latticework and delicate and indelible lines. Others, in medium and large sizes, have bell-shaped tops, with exclusively geometric designs, in strokes of a great variety of reds, with patterns of checkers, rhombs, triangles, etc., forming complex and vivid combinations. All, but especially this painted pottery, represent a culture new to us which must come between the last stages of the Bronze Age and the birth of the Iron Age; that is to say, the era of the Tartessians, which we know only from literary sources. This painted pottery harmonises perfectly with the style of the jewels, having in common exclusively



FIG. 7. ONE OF FOUR PLAQUES, SIMILAR TO FIG. 10, BUT NARROWER (4½ BY 1½ INS.—11 cm. BY 4.5 cm.). THESE PLAQUES ARE LATERALLY PIERCED FOR MOUNTING PURPOSES.

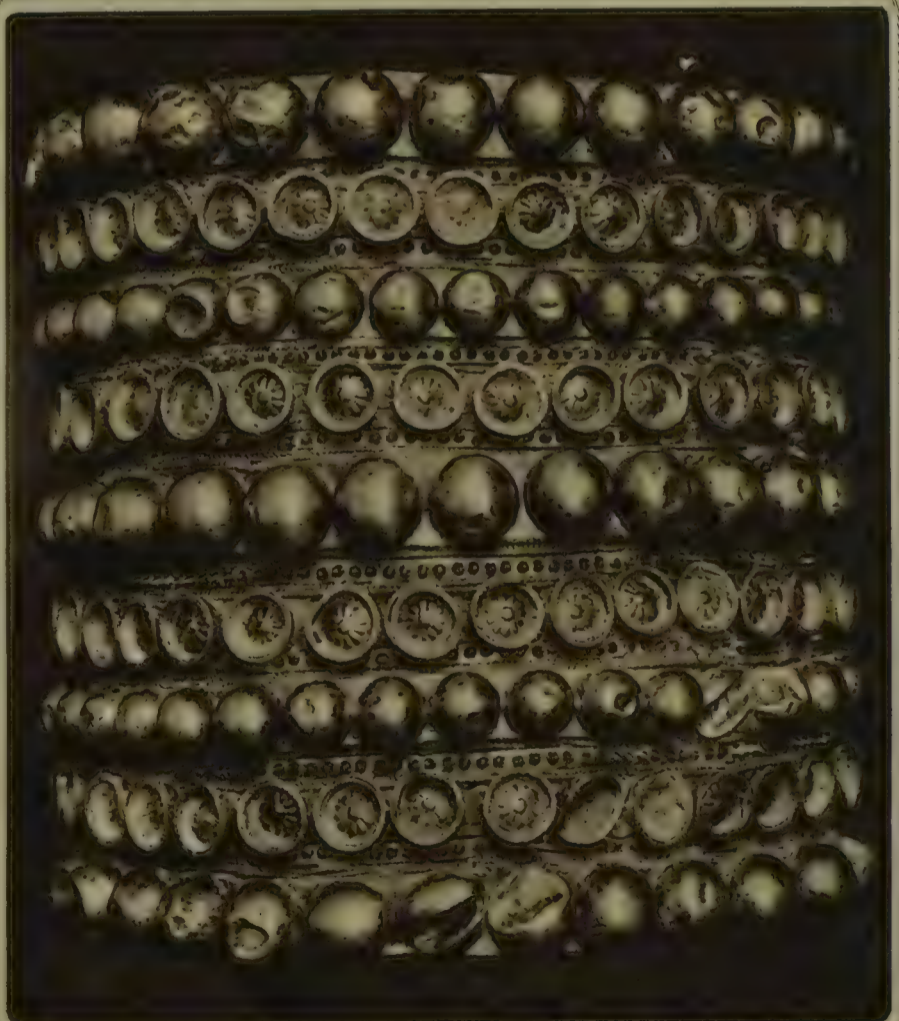


FIG. 11. THE SECOND MASSIVE GOLD BRACELET, IN WHICH THE PATTERN IS IDENTICAL WITH FIG. 10, BUT WITH ANOTHER REGISTER. (ABOUT 3½ INS. (10 cm.) HIGH.)



## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### SHREWS SING FOR A LIVING (SPACE).

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THREE weeks ago I spoke of the hibernating frogs found in some coarse grass that was being scythed. But frogs are not the only things that took refuge in it. As John McMahon, who was wielding the scythe, cut one row after another, the inhabitants of the grass retreated before him, and the uncut grass ahead of him was lively with



THE SHORT-TAILED VOLE OR FIELD VOLE (*MICROTUS AGRESTIS*) LIVES IN MEADOWS AND PASTURES WHERE IT MAKES A NET-WORK OF RUNS THROUGH THE GRASS. ALMOST ENTIRELY A VEGETARIAN, IT CAN DO GREAT DAMAGE TO GRASS.

the shrill voices of shrews. They were not calling out for fear of the steady advance of the man-made implement that was creating catastrophic havoc in their habitat—or, in plain English, was bringing their homes about their ears—but because their fellow-shrews were becoming uncomfortably crowded about them.

Shrews lead solitary lives, and they have a strongly-developed territorial instinct. They are restless and energetic. Their appetites are big and they must, if they are to survive, be assured of an adequate supply of food to replace the lost energy. So an ample feeding-ground is vital to them and trespassers on it must be discouraged. This is done mainly with the voice. Peter Crowcroft, in his "Life of the Shrew," has described in great detail how they fight among themselves. At the approach of a stranger the resident shrew raises his muzzle and screams. This may be enough to send the stranger away, but if not, the resident then rears up on to his hind-legs and continues to scream.

At this stage the new-comer may decide to retreat, or it, too, may rear up, in which event there may be some biting or boxing with the forelimbs, in which little harm is done. If the two are equally matched and equally resolute, this "shadow-boxing" is broken off by one throwing itself on its back, still screaming, whereupon the second shrew will either retire or will, in its turn, throw itself on its back and scream.

The sequence may vary with circumstances and the result will be different in different cases, but, in general, these are the lines followed in the "singing" contests by which shrews defend their rights. There must have been many singing contests as Johnnie McMahon advanced resolutely, swinging his scythe, but they took place under cover of the tall grass as yet uncut, and could not therefore be seen. There came the moment, however, when the blade of the scythe exposed not two shrews, but a shrew and a field vole, so busy shrieking defiance at each other that they took no notice of the reaper, who was able to pick them up, one in each hand. He brought them indoors for us and dropped them into a large

vivarium already furnished with grass and dead leaves.

This is really where the story begins. The two animals soon settled down, in opposite corners of the vivarium. Since they were supplied with sufficient food, there was no longer any real need to defend a territory. Even so, they managed to avoid each other, partly because the rhythm of their activities was complementary. While one slept, the other ran about the vivarium, and this led to an interesting sidelight on the value of the territorial instinct.

Although assured of a supply of food, the shrew maintained its restless movements, but the energy that would have gone into hunting was now diverted into nest-building. It built a nest of dead leaves. The vole did the same. But of the two, the nest-building by the shrew was the more spectacular, largely because of the speed with which it was carried out. The shrew, having put one leaf in position, would rush out for another, seize it in its mouth and rush back to the nest. The obvious thing to do would be to go straight to the nest and place the leaf in position, but the invariable pattern of movement was to drop the leaf before the entrance to the nest, rush into the nest at high speed, immediately reappear at the entrance nose-first and drag the leaf in backwards. This is not so ridiculous as it looked, because shrews are apt to go investigating any nest they come upon. And because they move at such speed there is always the risk that the owner of the nest, even if he has been absent only a few seconds, may find a trespasser in his nest on his return. To guard against being caught at a disadvantage, therefore, he goes in head-first and unencumbered, and later returns to drag the leaf in.

It took first one leaf, then another, until in the end the vole, still fast asleep, was exposed to view. Its home had been filched bit by bit as it slumbered.

The most fitting end to the story would be to report that the shrew then went to sleep, and that the vole on waking started to rebuild its nest, stripping the shrew of his ill-gotten materials to do so. Unfortunately, events transpired that disturbed this little drama, and the report cannot take us to that end. Nevertheless, it is easy to imagine that, under conditions of overcrowding, there could occur a ding-dong battle in which two shrews, or a shrew and a vole, could spend their time stealing each other's nesting materials.

Presumably these animals build nests in which to sleep because it is beneficial for them to do so. It may even be necessary to their survival. Certainly, when the females are nursing their litters there is an obvious advantage in having the nest undisturbed. So, on every count, this brief episode in the vivarium serves to give a new light on the need for a territorial instinct in small animals, like shrews and voles, that occupy overlapping habitats.

We are accustomed to thinking of the benefits from a territorial instinct in terms of food alone, but there is more to it than that. Adequate living-space must be assured, and this is done through a sense of property, or what is called a sense of territoriality when dealing with animals. It is necessary not only to ensure a food supply, but to ensure that other amenities of life shall be available. The shrews in their singing contests are keeping each other at arm's length, to defend hearth and home. But maintaining a territory consumes time and energy, so it is economical from the point-of-view of the species that the spacing-out of individuals should be automatic—



THE COMMON SHREW (*SOREX ARANEUS*) ALSO LIVES IN FIELDS AND ROUGH PASTURES BUT MAY ALSO BE FOUND IN HEDGE-BOTTOMS AND IN THE LEAF-LITTER IN WOODS, BUT ITS FOOD IS MAINLY INSECTS. NORMALLY, EVEN WHEN OCCUPYING THE SAME HABITAT, THERE IS NO COMPETITION BETWEEN SHREW AND VOLE OVER FOOD, ALTHOUGH THERE MAY BE OTHER CLASHES OF INTEREST WHEN LIVING SPACE IS SHORT. (Photographs by Jane Burton.)

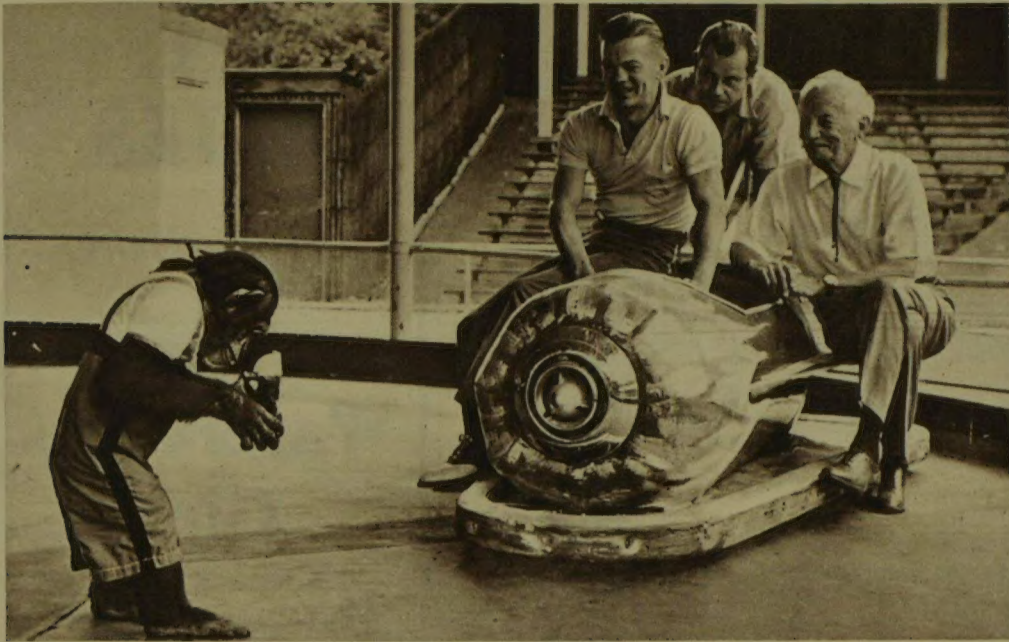
Although there is an obvious wisdom in this, it does not denote intelligence in the shrew that performs it. The movement is a routine, a fixed pattern of behaviour. This was decisively proved when, as happened several times, the shrew dropped its leaf accidentally while still some distance from the nest. It did not stop to pick it up, but rushed headlong into the entrance to the nest, quickly turned about, dashed out to where it had dropped the leaf, seized it in the mouth and then rushed backwards into the nest.

Whether it was because there was sufficient food available without having to search for it, or whether it is a usual habit, the shrew continued to add material to the nest after it had reached the proportions that one would call complete. And in its searches it eventually found the nest of dead leaves containing the sleeping vole.

almost an unwritten law—from the start, and that maintaining this spacing-out should be done with the least damage to the participants.

The singing contests of shrews almost epitomise the territorial instinct. To begin with, they are relatively frequent and carried out vigorously, and they are easily touched off, all of which suggests that the instinct is fundamental to the economy of living. In support of this last, we have the fact that, in one form or another, the instinct to keep one's fellows at arm's length is almost universal in the animal kingdom. Even in gregarious or social species the individuals must keep their places or there is trouble. The second point is that fighting among most animals is not, as is so often supposed, a conflict between rivals in love, but the endeavour to maintain adequate living space.

# A U.S. HONORARY PRESS PHOTOGRAPHER REALLY EXTRAORDINARY.



DUKE PHOTOGRAPHING TWO OF THE TRAINERS AND ZOO DIRECTOR, GEORGE P. VIERHELLER, RIGHT, POSING ON A ROCKET CAR FROM THE ZOO'S CHIMPANZEE SHOW.



THE RESULT—A SUCCESSFUL GROUP, PHOTOGRAPHED WITH DARING BACK-LIGHTING EFFECTS.



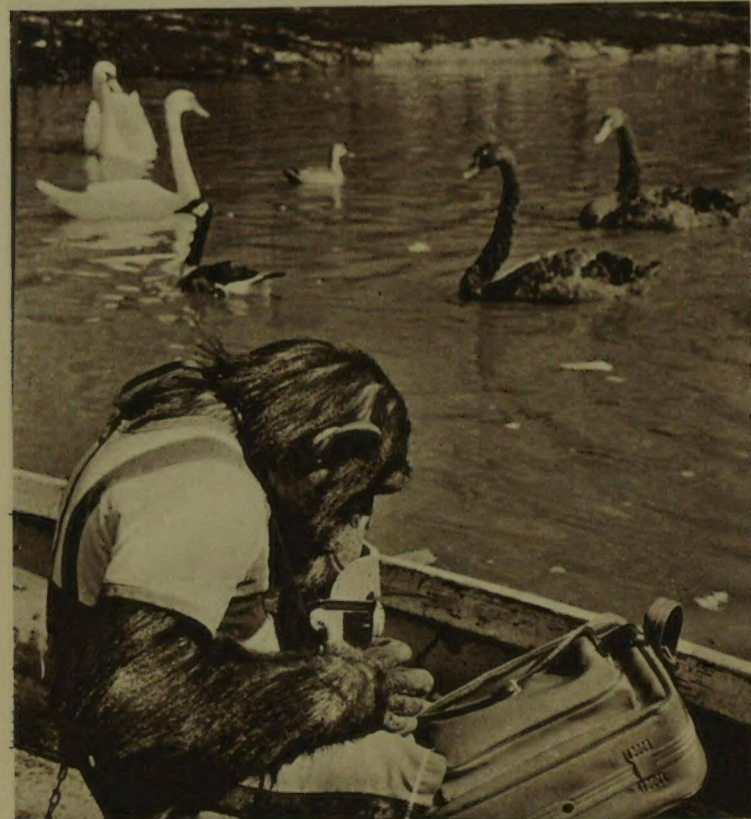
DUKE SNAPPING TWO OF HIS FRIENDS, JOE AND TINY, IN AN UNUSUAL HAND-ON-THE-HEAD POSE.



DUKE IN PETS CORNER—THE ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHER IN ANOTHER UNUSUAL SCENE AT THE ST. LOUIS ZOO.



THE CHILDREN AND LION CUB SNAPPED BY THE CHIMPANZEE PHOTOGRAPHER.



STEADYING THE CAMERA WITH HIS SENSITIVE MOUTH, DUKE MAKES A STUDY OF SWANS AND DUCKS.



DUKE'S SWAN PHOTOGRAPH. THIS REMARKABLE ANIMAL IS NOT ONLY ABLE TO USE A CAMERA, BUT ALSO ENTERTAINS THE PUBLIC IN A CHIMPANZEE SHOW AND MAKES PAINTINGS.

The Zoo at St. Louis, Missouri, U.S.A., has many attractions for the public, and especially for the children, but one of the exhibits of which it is most proud is *Duke*, the versatile chimpanzee. This intelligent specimen of a particularly intelligent species entertains the public as a member of the cast in the chimpanzee show at the Zoo, and is also an accomplished chimpanzee painter. Whether any of his works have been sold—which is only too possible these days—is apparently not known outside St. Louis. The latest hobby

the keepers have introduced to *Duke* is photography, and in this he has certainly achieved a measure of success, but again there is an unfortunate lack of information. Just how much of the business of operating the camera was done by *Duke* himself? Did he show any signs of realising that the prints were a result of his own efforts? Experiments with chimpanzees have shown that they are surprisingly intelligent, and it would be interesting to know more about *Duke's* "I.Q." in comparison with that of other clever chimpanzees.

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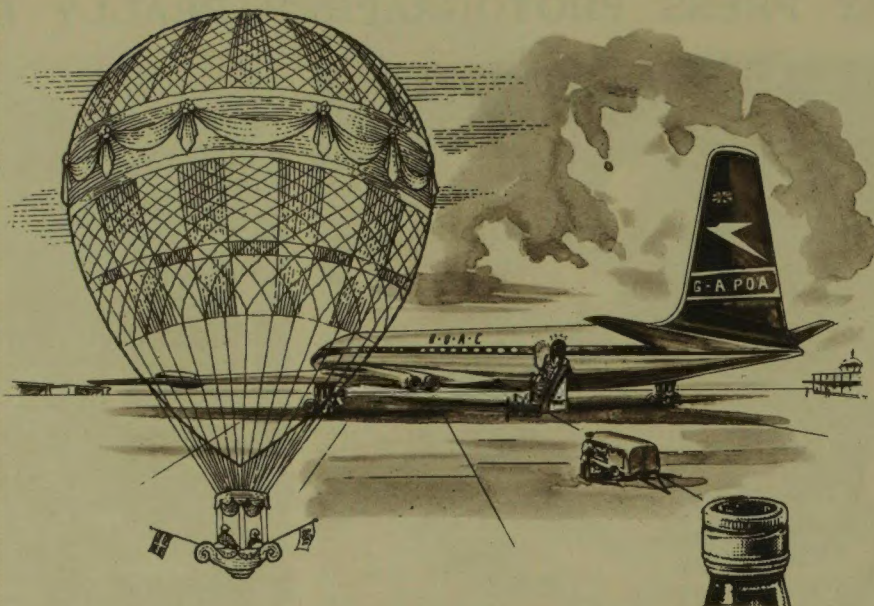
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## What do we know about the Universe at the beginning of the "Space Age"?

An Astronomer discusses  
the mysteries of  
the vast Cosmos.

For 12 consecutive weeks, beginning with the issue of February 21, THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS will include an article contributed by Dr. R. A. Lyttleton, F.R.S., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and illustrated with a page of drawings by our special artist G. H. Davis, under the general heading of "The Universe at the Beginning of the Space Age." The subjects to be covered during the twelve weeks, beginning February 21, are listed below:

- |                                  |                                   |                              |
|----------------------------------|-----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. The Earth                     | 5. The origin of the Solar System | 9. The Galaxy                |
| 2. Terrestrial Meteorite Craters | 6. Comets                         | 10. The Stars                |
| 3. The Planets                   | 7. The origin of Comets           | 11. The Universe of Galaxies |
| 4. Mars                          | 8. The Sun                        | 12. The expanding Universe.  |



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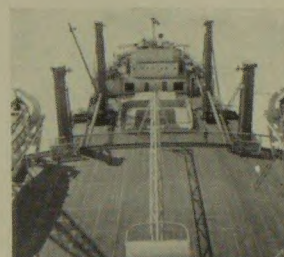
# To South Africa *The Ellerman Way*

Of course it's luxurious, but it isn't *just* luxury on ELLERMAN ships. As you step inside your own cabin-suite you enjoy a pleasant feeling of well-to-do well-being. Very soon, you experience a new kind of service from the ship's company, almost old-world in its courtesy and attentiveness. Our passengers (many of whom are experienced world-travellers and good judges in this matter) tell us that our

ships' cuisine is equal to that of any five-star restaurant anywhere. Fine ships and fine service, maintaining a fine tradition of quiet competence . . . *this is the ELLERMAN way to South Africa.*



A typical double-room on "The City of Exeter." Cabins on Ellerman ships are on either "A" or "B" decks . . . light, airy and beautifully appointed.

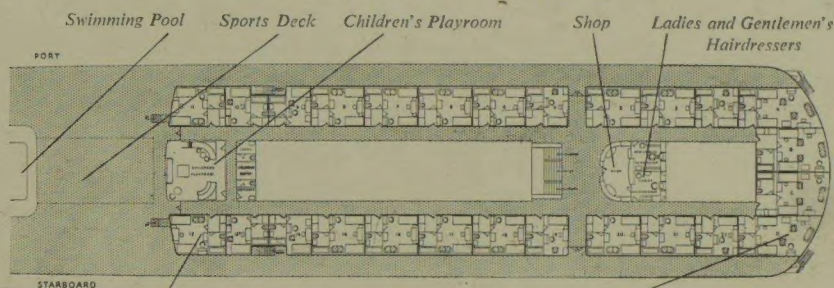


The Sports deck on the "City of Port Elizabeth": all "City" class passenger ships on the South Africa run have a swimming-pool, promenade deck, drawing-room, smoke-room, library and a well-stocked ships' shop and hairdressing salons

The "City of Durban" restaurant spans the full width of the ship and seats all passengers at one service.



## "A" DECK ON A "CITY" CLASS SHIP



Every "A" Deck room, whether "single" or "double," has a private bathroom and toilet en suite.

The staterooms are particularly spacious and luxuriously furnished with every requisite for comfort and convenience.

The service is maintained by the T.s.m.v. *City of Port Elizabeth*, *City of Exeter*, *City of York*, and *City of Durban*, each accommodating 100 passengers in single and double rooms (with removable Pullman berths for children). These ships afford superb passenger amenities. All rooms have windows or portholes and there are electric fans in addition to mechanical ventilation.

Approximately every fourteen days an Ellerman "City" class ship sails for South Africa, Lourenco Marques and Beira. Passage rates are competitive . . . an outside double room, for example, with private bathroom *en*

*suite*, is £155 per adult (£125 per adult on a 12-passenger vessel). Full information can be obtained from Ellerman Lines, Passenger Office, 29/34, Cockspur Street, London, S.W.1, or from all shipping and travel agents.

# ELLERMAN Lines

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